THE SURVEY

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CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN . *Drawing by Wilfred Jones*
FRONTISPIECE .. *Etching by Levon West* 292
MATHER, MAKER OF NATIONAL PARKS *Horace M. Albright* 293
THE FIGHT TO SAVE CUMBERLAND FALLS . . . . . *Herbert W. Cornell* 297
V. EVERIT MACY . . . . *Photograph* 300
PARKS IN THE MODERN MANNER . . . *V. Everit Macy* 301
SAVING THE REDWOODS . *Anne Roller* 305
BOY SCOUTS FROM BOY GANGS . . . . *Orange E. McMeans* 308
OUT THERE . . . . . *Five Paintings by John Steuart Curry* 311
LAY-OFF . . . . . *Horace Holt* 314
CHERRY . . . . . *Florence Delin* 317
SOUTHERN SKETCHES . . . . . *Four Paintings by Wayman Adams* 318
OF SALT AND OF OPIUM . . . . . *John Palmer Gavit* 320
LETTERS & LIFE . *Edited by Leon Whipple* 321
Book reviews by Leon Whipple, H. McD. Clokie, Hastings Lyon, John Palmer Gavit, Donald Richberg, Coley Taylor
THE TRAVELER'S NOTEBOOK 326

The Gist of It

ON page 293 HORACE M. ALBRIGHT tells the story of the National Park Service and pays a deserved tribute to his late chief, as only one who has been identified with the Service from its inception can. Actively interested in conservation since 1915, Mr. Albright was associated with Stephen Mather in organizing the National Park Service and last year succeeded Mr. Mather as its director. But one important aspect of his subject Mr. Albright has overlooked, the opportunity afforded a great man—in this case Stephen Mather—to find in government work an altruistic and satisfying occupation worthy of his talents after he has retired from his own personal pursuits. Such instances are rare—opportunities not men—for we suspect there are many other great men over the country who have drunk deep of ambition and success and are willing to dedicate their efforts to public works provided their interest and imagination are captured.

IN Survey Graphic for July 1929 Tom Wallace, chief of the editorial staff of the Louisville Times, told of the fight, in which he played an important part, to save Cumberland Falls for the people instead of the power interests. Now, a year later, HERBERT W. CORNELL of the Izaak Walton League, writes (page 297) of Cumberland Falls as he saw it after bumping over seventy miles of wilderness road, and gives an account of the passage of the bills by which its perpetuity as a Kentucky state park is assured.

FIRST it was cemeteries—green places where people might stroll quietly out-of-doors. Then parks, more or less artificially laid out and embellished after the fashion of palace grounds. Then playgrounds and athletic fields. Finally—the Westchester Park System, built on the best of all in the past and offering a new and vital principle to the people of a rushing machine age, suddenly possessed of a crying need for recreation and of the leisure in which to make use of it. No one man contributed more to Westchester than V. EVERIT MACY. His article (page 301) written some months before his death, is a clear statement of a remarkable experiment in recreation, traffic and economics which has turned out a complete success.

ANNE ROLLER, herself a Californian and a member of the Save-the-Redwoods League, is on The Survey staff. On page 305 she tells of the League's work to save these helpless giants of the forest by buying up a large tract for a state park, while the demand for lumber is weak, and private owners are willing to sell at a reasonable price.

AS engineer, teacher, father, and scoutmaster, ORANGE E. MCMEANS has dealt with boys in all their manifestations. On page 308 he tells the story of his many years of experience as a scoutmaster and gives heartening testimony to the effectiveness of the scout program in utilizing the same boy-interests and urges which, undirected, lead to the formation of boy gangs with their potential dangers.

HORACE HOLT is the pen name of a young man in personnel work at a large gasoline refinery. He writes at first-hand of Nick and Anna Kochofski and their friends, and of what unemployment means to these workers and to their homes. Page 314.

FLORENCE L. DELIN spent two and a half years in Columbia, South Carolina, as a county visitor. Cherry (page 317) is based on material gleaned when she substituted for a colored visitor, in a Negro district.

NOT Twelve Against the Gods but one against the frail body of a man. Those were the odds against the extraordinary adventure with life of William Bolitho just as his play was about to be staged in London by Marc Connelly. Once he had cheated death during the war when he was buried for hours by a mine explosion. He died early in June at Avignon, following an operation for appendicitis.

His first contribution to Survey Graphic was in our Fascist number, plumbing the spiritual havoc to a people wrought by the suppression of a free press; his second, last fall, made possible by Mrs. Emmons Blaine, was a roving commission to explore behind the headlines of Chicago's gang wars. He brought to it an expert knowledge of the police problems of Paris and London; his encounters ranged from gangster to judge; he distilled the huge volumes of the Illinois Crime Commission, drew out the half-formulated convictions of psychiatrists and social workers and then threw on the luminous screen of his text an original perspective of human behavior under modern stress. The keenness of his penpoints, the feathered grace of his intuition, will long be cherished.

Newsboy in Capetown, honor student in metaphysics, stoker, cavalryman, infantryman, bomber, liaison officer, columnist, author, playwright, correspondent for the Manchester Guardian and the New York World with all Europe as his beat, with Clyde miners, dancers, criminals, presidents, police commissioners, premiers and all of us as his cast of characters; he was one of our very few great post-war interpreters. There is tragedy in his cutting off. But he counted up to the hilt during a baffling decade when such gifts and courage were needed. And men will see clearer under the hide and surface of things because of the genius that lay in his eyes.

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WATERTON LAKES, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
Etching by Levon West

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THE SURVEY

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Mather, Maker of National Parks

By HORACE M. ALBRIGHT

AS vacation time comes, our thoughts turn to the open road, to the mountains, the seashore, the trout stream, and the golf course. From three to four million of us are making plans to visit the national parks and their equally interesting smaller sisters, the national monuments, most of which have been under a deep mantle of snow for months. A happy time for the prospective national park visitor, and usually a happy time as well for the men and women of the National Park Service who prepare the parks for the summer throng. Conditions are favorable for progress in national park protection, operation and development. Both parks and monuments are popular. Most of them now contain facilities that are within the means of all who can reach their gates. Congress is sympathetic to their needs for roads, trails, camp-grounds. A strong advisory board headed by Dr. J. C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution, is formulating and directing their educational program. They are under the Secretary of the Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur, a splendid outdoor man who has known the parks for decades. And finally, they are directly controlled by a bureau in Washington and a field staff of vigorous, efficient young people brought together, instructed and inspired by the late Stephen T. Mather, fired by the zeal and enthusiasm that carried him to such heights of success.

In Connecticut there is a small park which means more to the men and women in the National Park Service than all of the great reservations of the West—the little cemetery near Darien where, in January, we buried Mr. Mather, founder of the service and until a year ago its director.

There are now twenty-one national parks and thirty-four national monuments in the system. Their total area is 15,846 square miles, or about the size of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. They contain the finest and most distinctive scenery on the face of the earth and the most unusual and spectacular natural phenomena known to science. Many contain wilderness areas where there will be kept forever bits of original America in its primeval state, including some preserves for wild life. Nearly all are important for the opportunity they afford to keep intact native flora and landscape. They embrace historic and prehistoric structures and landmarks of outstanding national importance. Their educational and inspirational value to our people for all time to come is incalculable.

The system is not complete. Probably it never will be, for industry and agriculture have prior claims on most remaining potential park areas, and we well realize that the integrity of the entire group of national parks would be simply endangered by taking in territory that may be essential in the future to the development of the nation, the feeding of its population, or the employment of its people.

If the national parks were set aside primarily for recreation, it would be of paramount importance materially to increase their size, and it would be proper to permit commercialization of certain resources not inconsistent with recreational use. But this can be done in the national and state forests. And although recreation is a major use of the national parks, we believe their chief value is similar to that of a great museum—the educational and inspirational advantages of the greatest and noblest exhibits of Nature's handiwork being paramount to all other opportunities offered through their use and enjoyment. Therefore size is a secondary consideration, and only those areas should be considered for future national parks which are "so outstandingly superior in quality and beauty to average examples of their several types as to demand their preservation intact and in their entirety for the enjoyment, education and inspiration of all the people for all time," to quote a carefully framed definition by a cooperating organization of conservationists.

AMONG new national park projects are the Everglades of Florida; Isle Royale, that great island of 132,000 acres in Lake Superior; the Bandelier region west of Santa Fé, important for its archeological exhibits; the Bad Lands of North Dakota, where Theodore Roosevelt ranched in early manhood; and possibly a considerable area of redwoods (*sequoia sempervirons*) on the coast of California. In addition congressional authority has been given for the establishment of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in Tennessee and North Carolina, the Shenandoah Park in

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Stephen T. Mather looking across the heights his zeal and enthusiasm have helped to preserve

Virginia, and the Mammoth Cave Park in Kentucky, provided certain minimum portions of these areas are donated to the government for park purposes. Already 150,000 acres, out of a necessary 427,000, have been presented to the Secretary of the Interior as a nucleus for the Great Smoky Park, and sufficient funds to purchase the remaining area have been made available.

Other outstanding areas deserving of addition to existing parks are the Kings River Canyons north of Sequoia National Park, the Never Summer Range of mountains adjoining the Rocky Mountain National Park, the Thorofare and Upper Yellowstone wilderness southeast of Yellowstone National Park, the Minarets, Devil's Post Pile, and Thousand Island Lake country—to be restored to Yosemite National Park—as well as territory required for rounding out Zion, Bryce, Grand Teton and Grand Canyon National Parks. All these projects are being slowly advanced. Some are approved generally; some, however, are meeting opposition locally by irrigation, mining or grazing interests; and others by hunters who do not like to see their favorite grounds locked up perpetually in a game preserve.

In the category of national monuments, likewise, progress is being made toward protecting historic areas and structures. On January 23, Congress turned over to the National Park Service, Wakefield, the birthplace of George Washington, which lies on the Potomac some ninety miles southeast of the city of Washington. The creation of this monument definitely marks the entrance of the National Park Service into the field of preservation of historic shrines most cherished by the nation. In this instance it will be our duty to cooperate with the Wakefield Memorial Association in restoring the ancestral home of our first president.

A bill recently introduced in Congress aims to create the Colonial National Monument in Virginia, protecting Jamestown, Yorktown and parts of Williamsburg, and connecting them by memorial highways. This preserve would include territory intimately associated with the beginning and end of the Colonial period of our nation's history. At Jamestown in 1607, it will be recalled, the first permanent English colony was established and at Yorktown, only twenty miles away, the Colonial period ended in 1781 with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to General Washington. Williamsburg was the capital of the colony of Virginia; William and Mary College located there is the second oldest college in the United States. How can this project fail to capture and hold the imagination of all who know the early history of our country? From present indications it does not seem unreasonable to assume that Congress will ultimately place in the National Park Service such places as Gettysburg, Chickamauga and Chattanooga, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Lincoln's Birthplace and other similar parks now under the War Department's jurisdiction. Meanwhile, appropriations are being provided for a comprehensive study of the scenic, scientific and historic objects of importance in all sections of the country with a view to making an inventory of potential national parks and monuments not already protected from exploitation or destruction. This work will start the first of July and will cover the new park projects and extension proposals already briefly sketched.

IN nearly all the parks there are lands in private ownership acquired before the establishment of the parks themselves. These lands, worth perhaps $7,500,000, total 67,000 acres. Congress has authorized the extinguishment of such holdings by purchase or condemnation, if one half of the cost of acquisition is met by private subscription. We are now endeavoring to secure funds to match the federal appropriations, as until these private lands are obtained many important development projects cannot be completed.

So much for the future park system from the standpoint of size and ownership of lands. I have deliberately avoided using the word development in connection with our efforts

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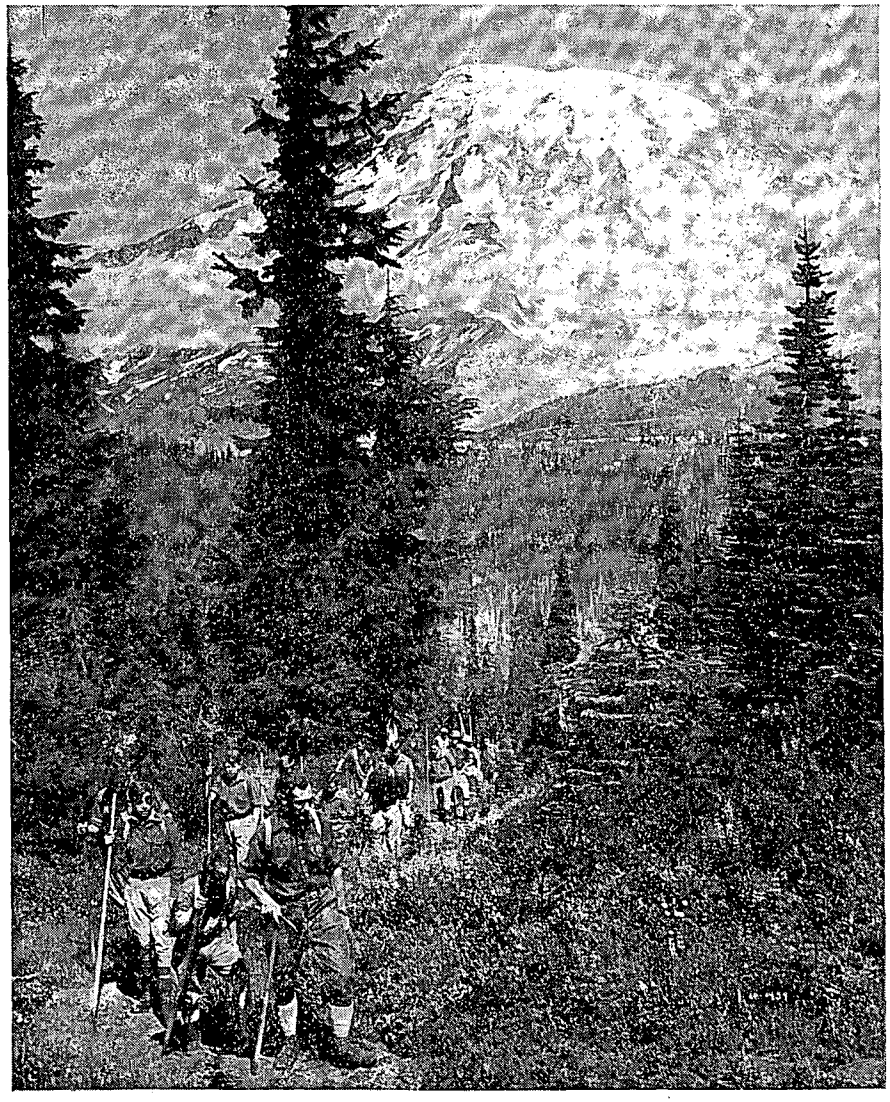
to make the parks and monuments more accessible and usable, for neither this word nor "improvement" should be employed in describing our activities. Just as one cannot "paint the lily" so we cannot "improve" the national parks.

The accessible areas are being provided with every necessary facility for enjoyment by the ever increasing throng of visitors. Camping, hiking, fishing, motoring and other healthful outdoor sports are in every way encouraged. That they have a beneficial effect on the health and well-being of the more than four millions of people who visit the parks and monuments each year is obvious to those in close touch with the situation. There is no crime in the parks. We have very little trouble enforcing the prohibition law. Accidents are rare. People seem to change their point of view as they enter the gates. In these great federal areas even the most thoughtless act differently. A desire to understand the great and spectacular natural phenomena becomes the visitor's paramount concern. He seeks a reason for these unusual manifestations of Nature's activities. He wants to know the forces back of geyser action, the cutting of a canyon, the making of a mountain, the activity of a volcano.

To meet these inquiries and to interpret generally the other features of the parks, our educational system, begun in the last decade, has grown so rapidly that today, although still in its infancy, it is our biggest division. Through the museums and the nature guide and lecture service, educational aspects of the parks are made known, the chief media through which hundreds of thousands of visitors are reached each year. The museums effectively illustrate the main points of scientific interest in the parks, themselves the true museums or outdoor laboratories. The buildings, with their interesting exhibits, are the indices which point out to the interested visitor the wonders to be seen and studied further in the parks. The museums are not elaborate, nor are they intended to be. The field trips guided by the park and ranger naturalists, during which objects of interest along the trail are explained from a natural-history or scientific standpoint, are so popular that an increase in the ranger-naturalist personnel has been necessary. To supplement to some extent these personally conducted trips, during the past two or three years a number of self-guiding and nature trails have been laid out in several parks. Though used to the fullest, their effect has been the reverse of that anticipated. As a result of enjoying them, visitors are more keen than ever to go on the guided trips. Each year, it might be added, a number of prominent universities, both eastern and western, send field parties into these incomparable outdoor laboratories to study at first hand natural history and the allied sciences.



Trained naturalists guide groups of interested hikers up the wooden slopes of Rainier National Park, Washington

OUR landscape division, consisting of ten landscape architects, plans all physical work authorized by Congress to be accomplished by us in the parks. This work is necessarily an interference with natural conditions and is to a large extent inconsistent with the requirements of Congress that the parks be preserved in their natural state. The landscape architects tell us how roads, trails, and buildings can be built with a minimum of trespass on the natural topography. They design buildings, bridges and other structures to harmonize and blend in with the rocks, trees and other features of the area, wherever possible using native materials. Where it can be economically and effectively done, the prevailing primitive architecture is adapted to our needs. Thus in the Southwest the Indian pueblo is the guiding architectural note in planning buildings, while in the mountain parks the cabin of the trapper dominates the housing plans. The trapper had no saw; almost his only tool was an axe. So in many of our ranger stations, road camp buildings, and even in the structures of utility operators, not a smooth saw-cut is visible — only the mark of the axe.

Under the landscape architectural division roads are being built with only absolutely unavoidable damage to cliffs and trees. Long hauls of excavated rocks and dirt are made in order to avoid spilling down the mountainside.

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The utmost care of trees near rights of way is taken. Signs, "Don't cut this tree," are fastened on the trees to be spared; usually sheet iron is wrapped around their trunks to prevent scarring by flying rocks projected by blasts of explosives. Indeed, anyone who sees the "improvements" of recent years in the parks and monuments, comes away no longer concerned about possible destruction of the native landscape.

Even the roadsides are being cleared of unsightly debris, thus giving more space for wild flowers and ferns. This important work, initiated by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in Yellowstone Park in 1924, has been carried into our entire road construction program. In other words, roadside clean-up week is an essential part of a road-building project.

Congress is now allowing $5,000,000 each year for road and trail building, but few new road projects are being undertaken. We are concentrating on rebuilding old roads, making them wide, safe and harmonious with the adjacent landscape. At the end of our ten-year construction program the outstanding features of each park will be accessible by fine, new, dust-proof roads, and there will be trails built on adequate standards into all other sections of the parks and monuments.

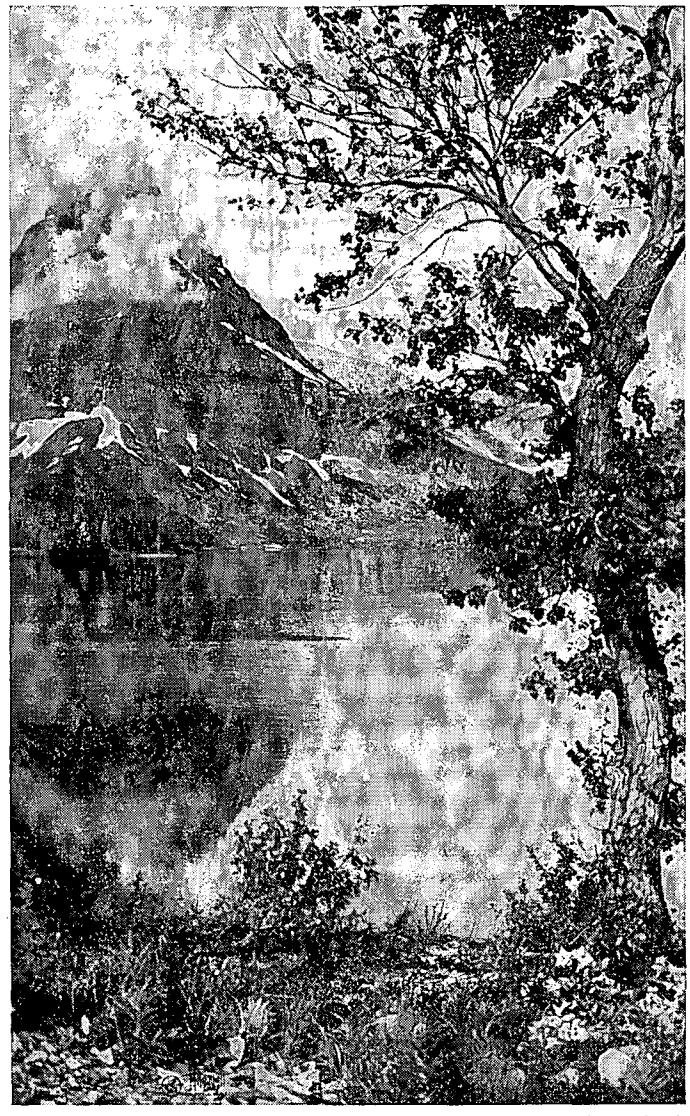

Photo by Hileman, Glacier Park

Summer foliage and snow-covered mountains reflected in the same lake at Glacier Park, Montana

Still, 75 per cent of the total area of the park and monument system will remain in a wilderness condition inaccessible to all but those who can go afoot or on horseback away from the highways into the solitudes of the back country. We plan always to keep considerable areas in a wilderness state. In certain parks we expect to go so far as to preserve smaller areas absolutely untouched except for purposes of scientific research, fencing them so that there shall be no possibility of interference with natural conditions even by the casual fisherman or hiker.

Up to this point I have discussed the National Park Service as it is today, some of the problems that are confronting it as well as the means by which we hope to meet them. Necessarily the discussion has been brief, and much still remains to be said. But I want to devote the remaining space to an appreciation of Mr. Mather, for the editors of The Survey, in their admiration of our late chief, have agreed that this article may properly have two parts; one, the foregoing story of the National Park Service and its activities and the other a resume of Mr. Mather's tremendous accomplishment in establishing the service and formulating its policies.

A little over fifteen years ago, in January, 1915, Mr. Mather first entered government service, becoming assistant to the Secretary of the Interior under his old friend of college days, Franklin K. Lane, with the sole idea of protecting the national parks and advancing their use by the American people. When he assumed charge of these areas there were fourteen national parks and eighteen national monuments, with a combined area of 7,426 square miles, and a total of about $253,646 appropriated to maintain and develop them. There was no organization to supervise the park and monument system. These great reserves were handled by a small group of clerks in the office of the Secretary of the Interior, a staff who could give only part-time attention to them. On August 25, 1916, through congressional legislation, the National Park Service was created and Mr. Mather was appointed its first director. When twelve years later he retired, there were twenty national parks and thirty-two national monuments, with a combined area of 15,695 square miles. In 1928 the financial structure of the organization provided for expenditures of $4,754,-015 in cash with authority for incurring further obligations to the extent of $4,000,000 during the fiscal year then current. Revenues had increased from $119,433.56 in 1915 to $808,355 in 1928. In 1915, there were 334,799 visitors to the national parks and but few to the national monuments; in 1928, these two groups of reservations were visited by 3,024,844 people.

When Mr. Mather took over the supervision of the park system, most of the field executives were army officers or politicians. When he retired there remained but one superintendent not appointed on merit, and this one has since resigned to be succeeded by a trained Park Service man. I believe that one of the greatest of Mr. Mather's many achievements in park work was the building up of the splendid personnel that is now whole-heartedly carrying out his policies.

Another outstanding accomplishment of his administration was the expansion of the various public-utility facilities. Many millions of dollars (*Continued on page* 336)

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The Fight to Save Cumberland Falls

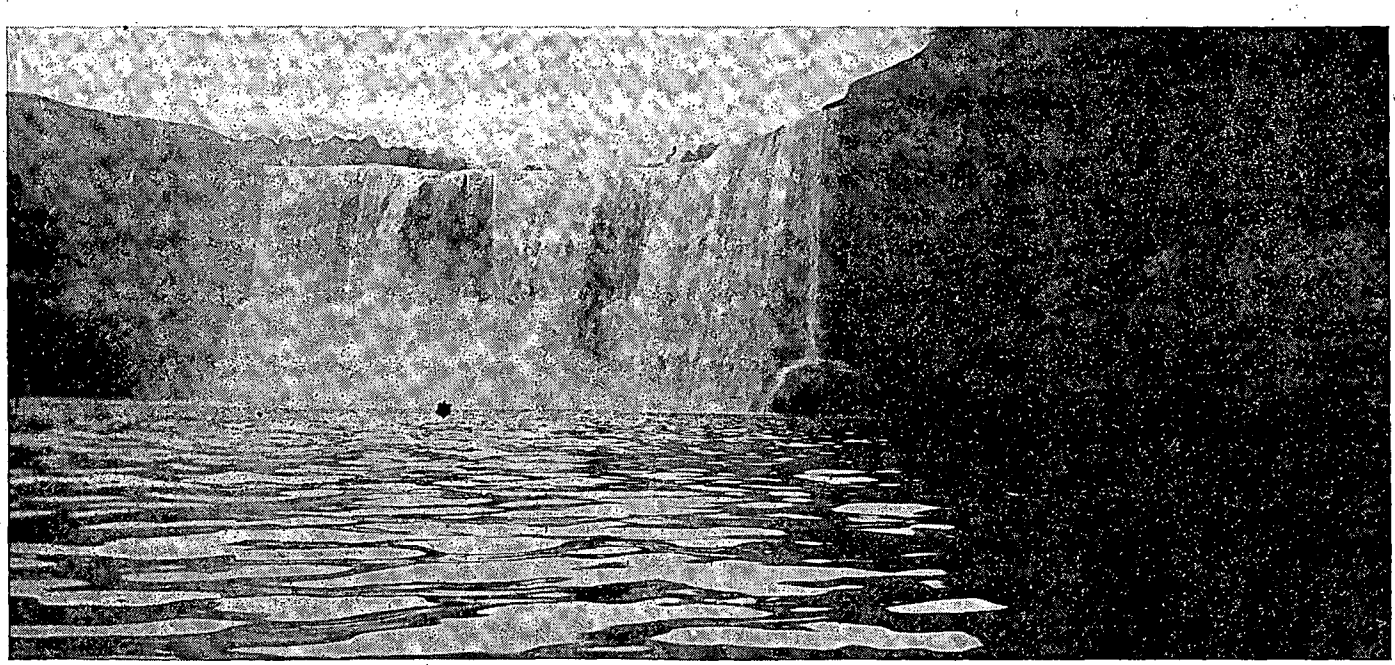
By HERBERT W. CORNELL

HIDDEN away in the hill country of southeastern Kentucky, 41 miles in a straight line northwest of Cumberland Gap where the states of Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee meet, is a splendid waterfall second only to Niagara among waterfalls east of the Mississippi River. It must be remembered, however, that the traveler in southeastern Kentucky moves in anything but a straight line. He varies from it both horizontally and vertically. It took me an even 24 hours to drive from the Gap to the Falls, and while this included a hotel stop over night, it did not include any time lost because of auto trouble. Neither was there any spot at which considerable delay took place. It was just simply southeastern Kentucky travel. But for the persevering nature-lover who is willing to put up with delays and inconvenience, there is a rich reward.

About the falls and the unspoiled forest around them has raged one of the greatest conservation fights of our times. Local sentiment in the counties in which Cumberland Falls is situated was at first strongly for the construction of the proposed power plant of the Insull interests. Very few of the people had ever seen the falls. Forest trails led to Williamsburg, which is 19 miles to the southeast, and Corbin, 22 miles to the northeast, but they were impassable for vehicles. The few visitors to the falls made a difficult approach, including a fording of the Cumberland River, coming in from Parker's Lake some miles to the west. One local resident, however, took an interest which expressed itself in deeds. He was the pastor of a Methodist church in Corbin. Reasoning that the best way to save the falls was to make them accessible and hence widely known, he organized a volunteer crew who, in the early autumn of 1927, spent three weeks in converting the trail from Corbin to the falls into a passable road.

"Yess'r," as a mountain-cabin inhabitant described it to me two years afterwards, "That thar preacher and his crew jest took a line o' pig trails and widened 'em and smoothed the road out and when they got done it warn't no pike, but y' could drive it in a car all right; yess'r, it's 22 miles from here to Corbin and cars would make it in less than two hours."

EARLY on an evening in mid-September, as my wife and I drove into Corbin, we wondered how many of the autos on the crowded north-and-south highway were going to detour long enough to run over to the falls. Surely some besides ourselves must be headed there! From the hotel clerk and the garage keeper we got something of a shock. The road to the falls had not been kept up, we were informed; many had used it for a short time and had succeeded in tearing it up badly; the volunteers who built it could not afford to be constantly repairing it and looked to the state and county authorities to do so, and the latter had done nothing. Knowing how active the power interests had been in trying to win over the local leaders to their side, we could easily imagine the reason for this indifference! If we tried the road, the garage man and the hotel agreed, we might get through, but the chances were against it; it was several days since a car had even tried it, and the last one had bent an axle. If we wanted to get to the falls, said they, we could drive south for 20 miles over Federal Highway 25-W to Williamsburg, cross the river, and then proceed 21 miles west over a road "rough but you can get through all right"



Cumberland Falls: "Greater than any cataract east of the Mississippi except Niagara, it has a wild beauty of its own, unmarred by balconies, searchlights, and other so-called improvements"

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to Pine Knot, then north for 15 or 16 miles over Federal Highway 27 to Parker's Lake, then east on another side road, also "rough but you can get through all right," 13 miles to the falls, and if it hadn't been raining too hard up in the hills so as to cause the river to rise we could drive across the ford, for a good view of the falls is to be had only from the eastern side. Seventy miles instead of the 22 we had counted on! And when I remarked that a map, The Best Roads of Kentucky, showed two other roads leading in to Cumberland Falls, the hotel clerk and the garage man just grinned.

WE decided to look up the Methodist preacher who had led the volunteer road-building crew two years before. Wednesday evening in a Methodist church in eastern Kentucky means prayer-meeting night. So to the Methodist church we went. The visit added much to our already great respect for the hardy, earnest folk of the Kentucky mountains. There was a good-sized congregation, a simple fervor about the services, a sense of personal touch with God, that meant much in the appraisal of human values. The Deity was to them a very close personal being, and their prayers were direct, intimate and fervid appeals to a living presence with whom they felt a real communion. Americans of Americans they were, of the purest Nordic stock, descendants, doubtless, of the hardy frontiersmen who at Kings Mountain annihilated a British army more numerous than their own untrained band and thereby turned the tide of the Revolution; an event whose sesquicentennial is to be elaborately celebrated next October. Of course they were Fundamentalists of the vociferous, literalistic type. But while I might differ from them in theology and in ideas as to the proper style of religious worship, I could easily believe that in their effort to save Cumberland Falls there was a real appreciation of the gifts of God and a spirit of religious fervor.

But the preacher who was earnestly exhorting when we arrived at the church was not the one who had wielded the shovel on the pig-trail. No, he explained to us after the service, that minister wasn't at Corbin any more. Without leadership the people hadn't seemed to take so much interest in the road, and it hadn't been kept up. The hotel clerk and the garage man were right—if we wanted to visit the falls we must go 70 miles around.

SO, early next morning, we began the long detour. Once off the federal highway, on the first "rough but you can get through all right" road, we found ourselves traveling through a forest almost primeval, of great yellow poplars, oaks and giant beeches, pines on the ridges and hemlocks in the gulches, while in openings rhododendron and trailing arbutus abounded. The region is a natural refuge for many species of birds which are rapidly becoming scarce, such as the cedar waxwing, the pileated woodpecker, the blue-headed vireo and the crested fly-catcher. Here and there would be a lonely cabin inhabited by sturdy folk of the same stock that produced Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, and their way of life has changed but little since the childhood of those two products of the Kentucky wilds.

The second "rough but you can get through all right" road also lived up to its title. A signboard at Parker's Lake declared it to be a "Graded Road to Cumberland Falls." If so, it was like a certain country graded school which had more grades than pupils, so that a grade or two was skipped here and there. Down a steep hill to the river we went, and across the ford, scarcely a foot deep but with a swift current, only an eighth of a mile above the falls, and with pot-holes in the generally smooth rock bottom, in which a car might easily be stuck. We made that crossing with our hearts very much in our mouths.

No description in words could do justice to Cumberland Falls. I walked along the ledge above and scrambled over the rocks below. I rowed around the base of the falls in a wobbly little boat loaned me by the proprietor of the Brunson Inn, for despite its difficulty of access, enough visitors come to support two little, very old-fashioned and quaint summer hotels. Greater than any cataract east of the Mississippi except Niagara, it has a wild beauty of its own, unmarred by balconies, searchlights and other so-called improvements. As at Niagara, there is a hard, rocky ledge with a softer layer below where erosion was easier, causing a recession of the falls and forming, in the course of geologic ages, a gorge below the falls seven miles in length. Immediately below the falls the water is calm, but down-stream the gorge is choked with great rocks among which the river rushes in a series of rapids known as "the Devil's Jumps." Forest trails lead to other fine spots, particularly to Eagle Falls, a beautiful little cataract in a tributary stream. As an added scientific curiosity, a short distance below the falls on the edge of the rock ledge, is the spot where one of the most noted aerolite falls took place (the "Cumberland Falls Meteorite" of April 9, 1919).

WE came away from Cumberland Falls with the feeling that one has to be there to know what it means; and that once there a man must be dull of soul indeed, or else have an ulterior interest in the other direction, if he fails to become devoted to the conservation program.

The story of the application of the Insull interests to the Federal Power Commission, the hearings held before that body, the fight waged by a few unselfish persons to save Cumberland Falls when most of the people of Kentucky and of the country at large were indifferent to the matter, or, indeed, had never heard of it, has been told at length in Survey Graphic of July, 1929, by Tom Wallace, chief of the editorial staff of The Louisville Times, in his article, Caught in the Power Net. He told also of the gradual rallying of Kentucky opinion to his support, of the formation of the Cumberland Falls Preservation Association, of the endorsement and active help of the American Civic Association, the Izaak Walton League, the National Conference on State Parks and other bodies of public-spirited citizens and lovers of nature; and of the offer of a former Kentuckian, ex-Senator T. Coleman duPont, to give $230,000 for the purchase of some 2,200 acres of land for a state park, providing the legislature would pass bills accepting the gift, creating the park, and conferring the power of eminent domain on the State Parks' Commission, the last provision being necessary as the falls and the land immediately around them had been bought by the power interests.

But it was after Mr. Wallace's article was written that the spectacular fight—and the winning of the falls for the people of Kentucky—came off in the legislature of 1930.

Bills to meet all three of Senator duPont's points went through the legislature, though with some opposition, and as was expected, Governor Sampson vetoed them. The arguments in his veto message were that he doubted the constitutionality of the bills, that he believed the Insull offer

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would satisfy park purposes and requirements, that the power plant was important for industrial development and would give employment to many Kentucky citizens. He said nothing about the benefits of employment and income which would result from developing a great tourist attraction.

When the governor's veto message reached the House, both bills were passed over his veto, by a vote of 60 to 23, and the real battle of conservationists versus exploiters began in the Senate. Under the Kentucky constitution a majority of all the senators-elect can pass over a veto, and as there are 38 members, 20 votes are needed. Being absent or not voting is exactly equivalent to voting No. The vote to override the veto was at first lost, 18 to 13, with seven senators not voting. One Republican who had voted Aye changed to No, doubtless with the Republican governor making every effort to induce him to make the change. Two Democrats who had originally voted Aye now answered, "Not voting." Before the clincher motion could be put, Senator Vincent of Brownsville, a supporter of the movement to save the falls, quickly changed his vote from Aye to No for the purpose of moving for reconsideration. A new vote was taken with exactly the same result, and again Senator Vincent changed his vote and asked reconsideration.

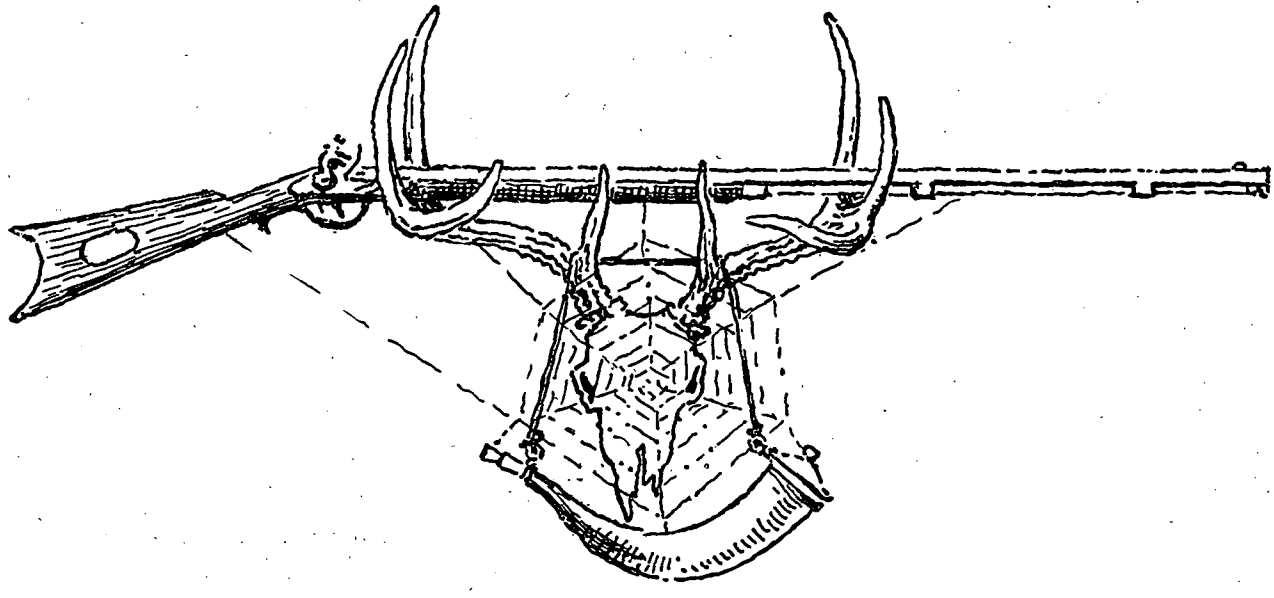
The conservation forces now tried to force an adjournment. Previously a motion had been put through by the other side that the Senate should not adjourn until the Cumberland Falls legislation was definitely disposed of. Under the Senate's rules, however, a motion to adjourn is always in order. The Lieutenant-Governor ruled that the previous motion not to adjourn was void, and as a motion to adjourn needed only a majority of those present and voting, not a constitutional majority of the entire Senate, the friends of the falls gained a respite of the week-end.

BOTH sides were very busy that Sunday. President Ernst of the Cumberland Falls Preservation Association was unavoidably absent from the state, but the vice-president, Frederick A. Wallis, and the secretary, Dr. T. W. Rainey, were there. So was Tom Wallace. The Preservation Association had asked 1,200 representative citizens how they stood; 800 replied and only 5 were for the power plant. This fact was used with telling effect. The Kentucky Federation of Woman's Clubs threw in its influence. And on the other side the power interests were by no means asleep.

Up to the very time of voting on Monday the result was in doubt. And then two of the Democratic senators who had been in the "Not Voting" column on Saturday, one of whom had voted Yes, the other No on the original passage, switched to Yes. The vote stood, Ayes 20, Noes 11, Not voting or absent 7. There wasn't a single vote to spare! Especial praise should be given to three Republican senators who broke with the Governor and cast their votes with the conservationists, Senators Bartlett, Brock and Regenstein. Every one knows how hard it is to pass legislation over executive veto, and how uncomfortable a governor can make it for legislators of his own party who do not stand with him at such a time.

ONE of the Democratic pro-power senators then arose and said, "When you're licked, take your lesson. Let's pass the eminent domain bill. See what they will do with their gift now that they've got it." The companion eminent domain bill then went through over the Governor's veto with less opposition, and Cumberland Falls State Park is now assured.

This does not mean that the power interests have completely given up the fight. On the contrary, they boldly state that the action of the legislature has no effect on their application to the Federal Power Commission. Probably they will resist condemnation proceedings by the state, for the 200 acres of land which the Cumberland River Power Company owns at the falls will hardly be surrendered without a struggle. A vigorous educational campaign to make the people state-park-minded, is still needed to assure the permanence of what has been achieved. Fortunately, toward the last no less than 80 per cent of the newspapers of Kentucky had been won over to the conservation side. There is every reason, therefore, to believe that in a few years splendid highways will replace pig-trails, a substantial bridge will supplant the ford above the falls, modern hotels will be built in place of the inadequate wilderness hostelries, and Cumberland Falls State Park will take its rightful place among state and national parks whose natural beauties and social values are being increasingly appreciated.



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V. EVERIT MACY

At the time of his death on March 21, V. Everit Macy was an outstanding citizen of Westchester County, New York, both by reason of his long service at the head of the County's Welfare Department and subsequently as president of the Park Commission. We count ourselves fortunate that the article beginning on the next page, written some months ago, was made available for publication in Survey Graphic. It presents an interpretation of some of the underlying conceptions which make Westchester County's park program among the most significant from the standpoint of social progress in the entire history of public park development.

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Parks in the Modern Manner

By V. EVERIT MACY

CENTRAL PARK in New York City is said to be the first park in the modern sense established by the people of a democracy as a public recreation ground for their own use and enjoyment. The earlier origin of village greens or commons is conceded, but these were usually crown grants in a more primitive state of society for use as common grazing grounds for cattle and for military drills. In Europe the great public parks usually originated in crown ownership, subsequently passing in the slow processes of the growth of liberty, to the public uses and enjoyment of the people. The term park in its original meaning was defined under English law as enclosed ground stocked with beasts of the chase, held by prescription or the king's grant. London's celebrated Hyde Park of 400 acres originally belonged to the Abbey of Westminster and it became crown property on the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. History is not clear as to when the public began to have free admission to Hyde Park, but its privileges have passed irrevocably to the people for all time. In America, up to the laying out of Central Park in 1853 under authority of an act of the Legislature, there were no public parks with the exception of Boston Common, dating back to the Colonial period and belonging to the class of public or common lands.

With the growth of New York City following the immigration wave of 1830, the need for a public breathing space began to be felt. In the absence of a public park and oddly, as it now seems, cemeteries were popular recreation grounds even with people of fashion. In 1831 Mount Auburn Cemetery, near Boston, was consecrated. The example was followed in Philadelphia by Laurel Hill Cemetery and still later in New York by Greenwood. Landscaped with trees, grass and flowers, these cemeteries filled a deeply felt want of the people of growing cities. The incongruity of graveyards as recreation places did not seem to deter visitors until the increasing number of funerals and the crowding together of tombstones made them unattractive.

From the time it was first suggested, Central Park was the most discussed topic of the period in conversation and in the press. It became nationally famous and has retained its strong hold on the public interest down to the present day. Following the expansion of the city northward from the Harlem River, the foresight of public-spirited citizens resulted in the establishment in 1883 of Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx Park and Pelham Bay Park stretching along the city's extreme northern boundary.

Beyond the confines of the city, the rapid growth and development of Westchester County, particularly during the years from 1910 to 1920, made clear the imperative need for setting land aside for park purposes before the opportunity might be forever lost. For Westchester County, topographically, is an irregular funnel having for its sides the Hudson River and Long Island Sound; its top, the State of New York and western New England; its point, a narrow opening through which pours the railroad and motor traffic of the second largest city in the world, for it forms the only land connection for New York City.

Moreover, Westchester has its own problems of growth and congestion. Large areas are still in farm land and country estates. Yet within its 448 square miles there are 46 separate municipalities, four of them cities, with an urban population of about 286,000 out of the total of more than 500,000 for the county.

Politically, Westchester was ideally ready for joint action in making its contribution to park history and practice. Its people have a strongly developed civic consciousness of the county as their regional governmental unit. A strong trend of the forty-six separate local governments toward a more closely knit polity has developed because the traditional simple functions of county government have been expanded under the pressure of regional civic problems thrust forward by the rapid suburban growth of the New York metropolitan district. Westchester is struggling with problems which overlap the separate jurisdictions of local governments and can be handled only by a regional agency. One of the most important of these is the provision of adequate park areas. To accomplish this, the Westchester County Park System was created in 1922 under legislative enactment, and the Westchester County Park Commission was appoint-

Sunset at Woodlands Lake in Sawmill River Valley, a part of the Westchester County Park System

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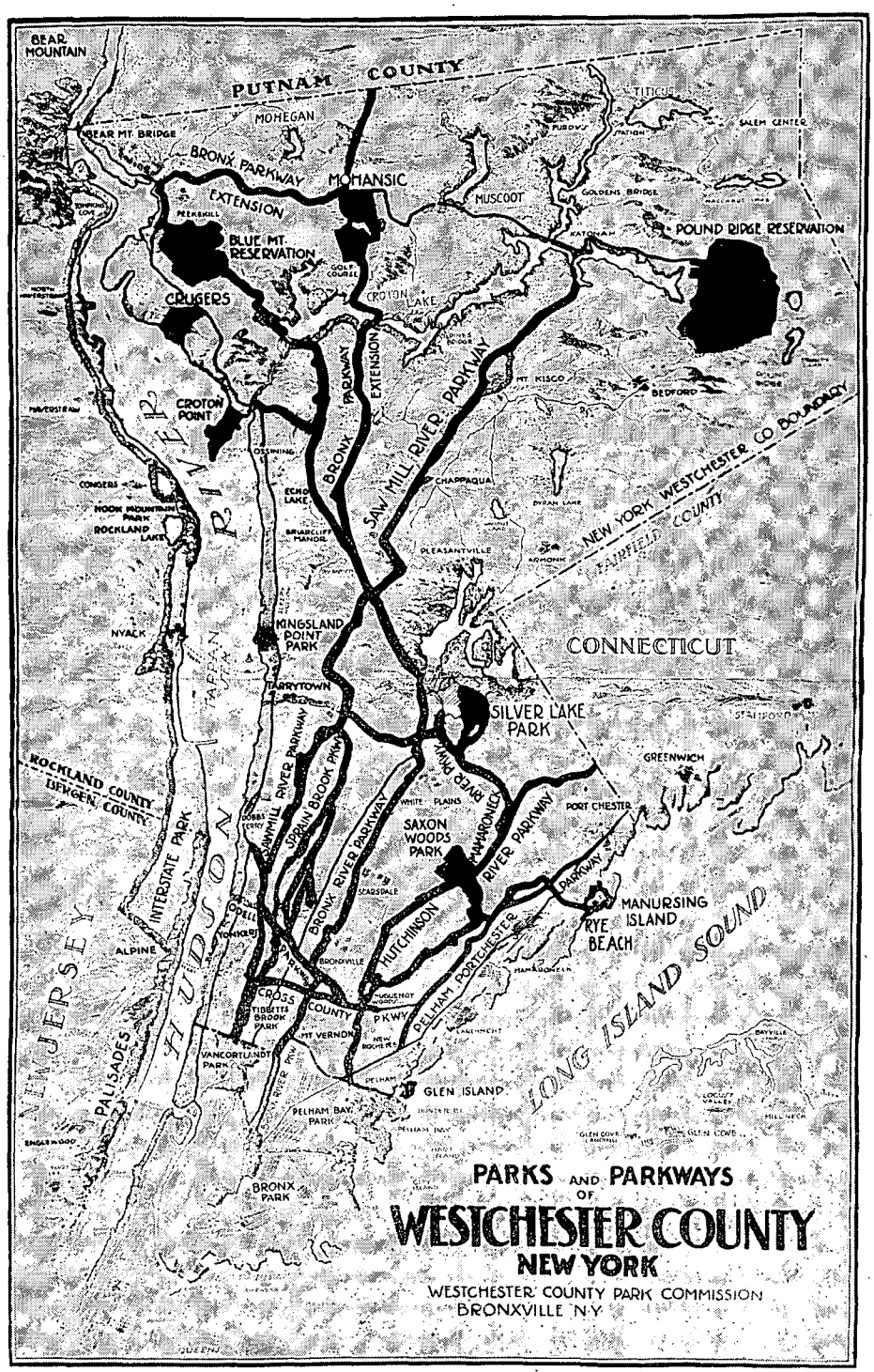
ed the same year. After a year's study, the Commission's first report and recommendations were unanimously approved. Subsequently recommendations have all been adopted and the Board of Supervisors has authorized appropriations aggregating more than $60,000,000 for park lands and improvements.

It is interesting to contrast the modern Westchester County Park System as to the underlying conception of present-day requirements to meet the public's physical and social needs, with the conceptions of 1853 when Central Park was laid out. This contrast, in its most important aspect, is one drawn between a single inland park and a system of both land and water parks and connecting parkways. In the fifties, although Jones Woods along the East River was first put forward, the selection finally rested on the Central Park in the middle of Manhattan Island. By the eighties, a broadening conception was evidenced in the three parks of Bronx Borough with their connecting parkways and the short line of Pelham Bay.

In its greatly expanded conception the Westchester system established during the past six years, reflects most strongly the present-day need of diversified recreation and the enormous development of the automobile. Conceptions of park development and park uses have also undergone radical transformation. Central Park strongly reflects the influence of European standards drawn from the private enclosures of royalty and inclined toward embellishment both in landscape and in architectural features. The current standard is to preserve the undisturbed natural beauty of field and woodland with a minimum of formal treatment. Taking full advantage of all modern resources of invention, materials and methods, the attempt is to provide the widest possible range of recreational opportunities for the greatest numbers.

Public beaches and bath houses, swimming pools, boating, picnicking and nature study, all manner of field sports, golf courses and, in Westchester County, a seaside amusement park under public ownership and operation, afford a greatly widened scope of utilization of public parks as compared with the earlier period in which parks were principally public gardens. A passion for efficient utility does not, however, imply a disregard of esthetic standards. In planning for active forms of recreation, there is ample scope for architect and landscape architect to create pleasing surroundings both for those who engage in strenuous sports and in the more leisurely enjoyment of non-participants.

The Westchester Park System includes three waterfront parks along the Hudson River at Kingsland Point, Croton Point and at Crugers, and two with salt water beaches on the Long Island Sound shore at Glen Island and at Rye Beach. In the intervening region of diversified topography between the Hudson River and the Sound, there are many reservations and forest preserve areas tied together by a comprehensive system of connecting parkways. As now established, the park system embraces more than 17,000 acres of land, and about 160 miles of parkways with 36 miles of paved motor driveways completed. The various waterfront parks have a total of nine miles of beaches and shore lines.



Parkways are not only good to look upon—they have turned the congested roads of Westchester into adequate highways over which run automobiles bearing the license plates of every state in the Union and of Canada

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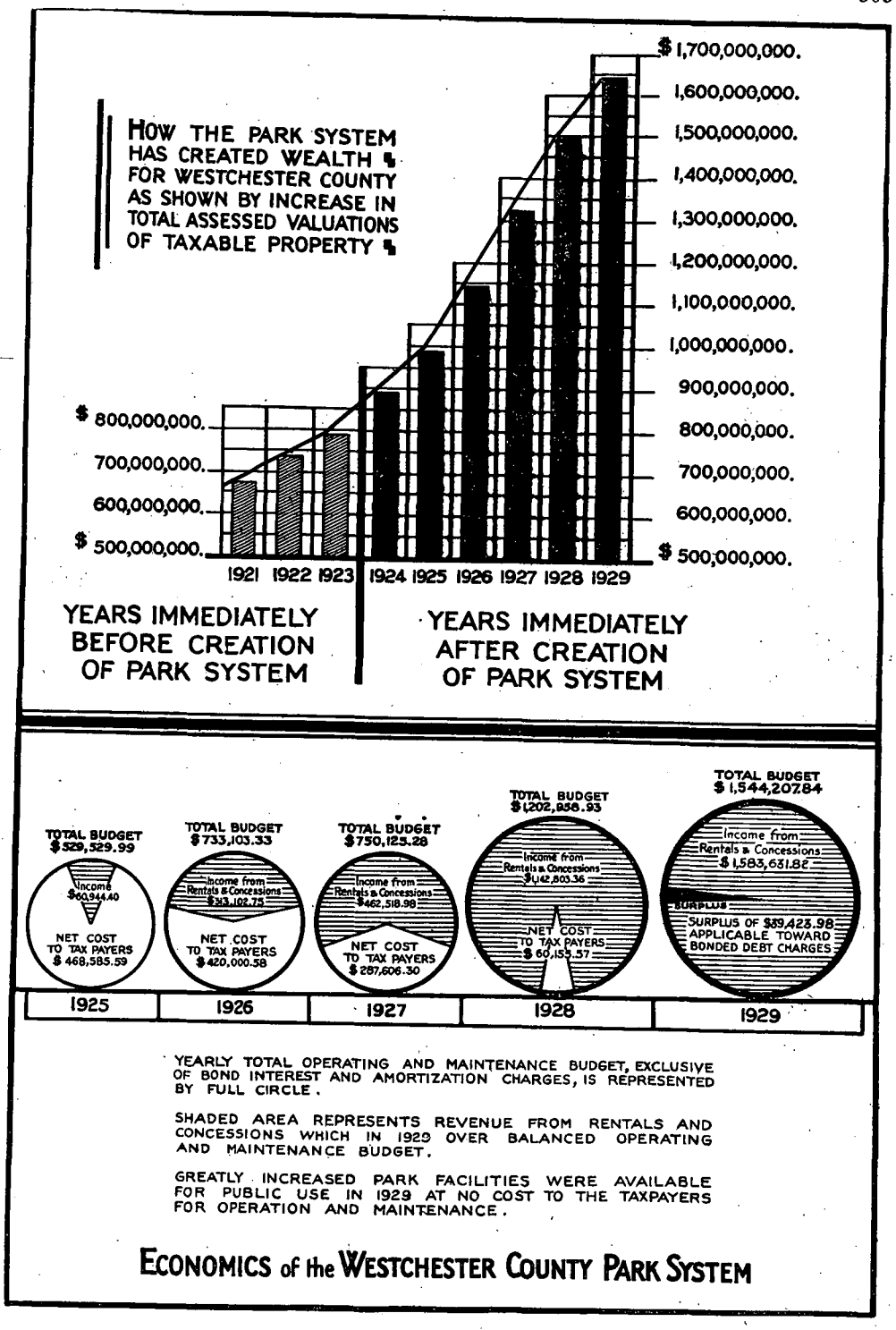
The forerunner of this extensive park system was the Bronx River Parkway which was built as a joint undertaking between the City of New York and the County of Westchester. The primary motive was the sanitary improvement of the Bronx River valley along which nuisance conditions had developed within the city limits and in Westchester County. The development of a beautiful parkway which supplanted garbage dumps, stables, shanties and cesspools along the river, afforded such an effective demonstration of its benefits that Westchester County, entirely independent of New York City, launched its present extensive park program in 1922, three years before the final completion of the Bronx River Parkway.

The Westchester County Park System is based on the much broader conception of providing the widest possible range of recreation as well as motor-traffic parkways. The waterside parks offer active water sports and athletic fields as well as public access to the shore and areas for picnics and children's playgrounds. A notable innovation is the development known as Playland at Rye Beach which, in addition to the usual attractions of bath houses, shore and water, includes an assemblage of mechanical amusement park features. In the interior reservations there are outdoor concrete swimming pools at Tibbetts Brook Park, Yonkers, and at Willson's Woods, Mount Vernon. At these and at other parks there are boating lakes, ball and athletic fields, and picnic groves. Golfers have a choice of three public courses at Mohansic Park in the northern part of the county, at Maple Moor in White Plains, and at Sprain Lake, Yonkers. The forest preserve areas at Saxon Woods, at Silver Lake, the Blue Mountain Reservation and the 4,000-acre Poundridge Reservation afford many miles of bridle paths for horsemen and trails for hikers and nature lovers.


HOW THE PARK SYSTEM HAS CREATED WEALTH FOR WESTCHESTER COUNTY AS SHOWN BY INCREASE IN TOTAL ASSESSED VALUATIONS OF TAXABLE PROPERTY
$ 1,700,000,000.
1,600,000,000.
1,500,000,000.
1,400,000,000.
1,300,000,000.
1,200,000,000.
1,100,000,000.
1,000,000,000.
900,000,000.
800,000,000.
700,000,000.
600,000,000.
$ 500,000,000.
$ 800,000,000.
700,000,000.
600,000,000.
$ 500,000,000.
1921 1922 1923 1924 1925 1926 1927 1928 1929
YEARS IMMEDIATELY BEFORE CREATION OF PARK SYSTEM
YEARS IMMEDIATELY AFTER CREATION OF PARK SYSTEM
TOTAL BUDGET $529,529.99
Income $60,944.40
NET COST TO TAX PAYERS $ 468,585.59
TOTAL BUDGET $733,103.33
Income from Rentals & Concessions $313,102.75
NET COST TO TAX PAYERS $420,000.58
TOTAL BUDGET $750,125.28
Income from Rentals & Concessions $462,518.98
NET COST TO TAX PAYERS $ 287,606.30
TOTAL BUDGET $1,202,956.93
Income from Rentals & Concessions $1,142,805.36
NET COST TO TAX PAYERS $ 60,151.57
TOTAL BUDGET $ 1,544,207.84
Income from Rentals & Concessions $ 1,583,631.82
SURPLUS
SURPLUS OF $39,423.98 APPLICABLE TOWARD BONDED DEBT CHARGES
1925 1926 1927 1928 1929
YEARLY TOTAL OPERATING AND MAINTENANCE BUDGET, EXCLUSIVE OF BOND INTEREST AND AMORTIZATION CHARGES, IS REPRESENTED BY FULL CIRCLE.
SHADED AREA REPRESENTS REVENUE FROM RENTALS AND CONCESSIONS WHICH IN 1929 OVER BALANCED OPERATING AND MAINTENANCE BUDGET.
GREATLY INCREASED PARK FACILITIES WERE AVAILABLE FOR PUBLIC USE IN 1929 AT NO COST TO THE TAXPAYERS FOR OPERATION AND MAINTENANCE.
ECONOMICS of the WESTCHESTER COUNTY PARK SYSTEM

Not only making parks but making parks pay is an outstanding achievement of the Westchester County Park Commission, which has devised a new method of taking wealth from the soil and putting it to social uses, as shown in this chart

The Westchester program is not wholly idealistic or utopian but is based on sound economic principles, resting fundamentally on the relation of parks to land values. We may consider this relationship under two aspects: first, the utilization for park purposes of the cheapest classes of land, such as rough woodlands and rocky hillsides difficult to utilize for residential or business uses, and marsh land which may be developed with water features; second, the influence of parks and parkways in enhancing land values not only along the immediate frontages but throughout adjoining zones of considerable depth and area.

Low lands, particularly along small-stream valleys, if neglected usually develop nuisance conditions. In Westchester County the necessity for reclaiming despoliated portions of the Bronx River Valley led to the preservation of many other small-stream valleys to forestall like conditions. In Playland at Rye Beach, a large area of practically waste salt marsh and sedge land was reclaimed and converted into a salt-water lake with sandy beaches. As a part of the same development,

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This section of Hutchinson River Parkway near Bronxville illustrates an important feature of a modern park system. The parks are connected by parkways of broad, smooth concrete in which decorative planting is combined with an unspoiled natural setting

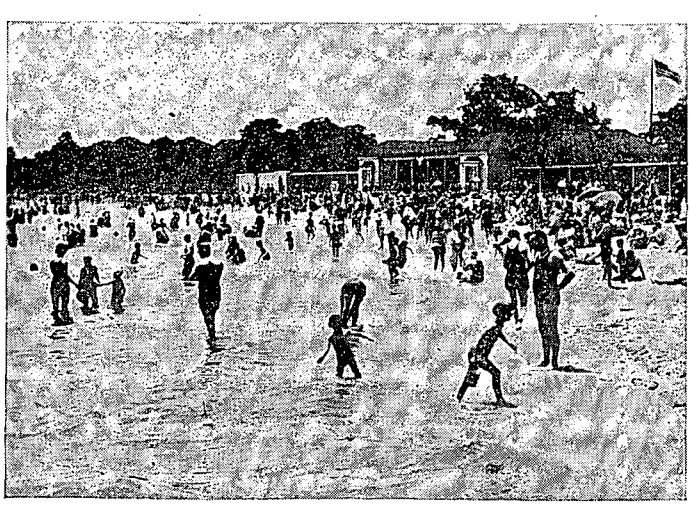
what might be termed a social reclamation was also carried out by converting a haphazard seaside resort where practically slum conditions prevailed, into a unified, publicly operated amusement park of pleasing architectural treatment and wholesome moral standards.

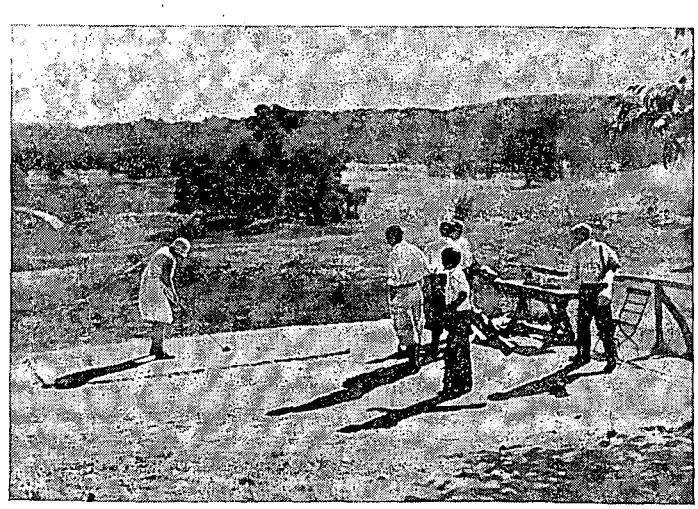
The influence of the park program in creating enhanced property values in Westchester County is graphically shown by the chart on page 303, contrasting the rates of increase for the years immediately preceding and those following the laying out of the park system. From the establishment of the county in 1683, the total assessed valuation of taxable property had risen at the end of 1922 to $733,007,069. In the seven years from 1922 to 1929 this figure increased to $1,644,114,324, or more than double the accumulated total of the 239 years prior to 1922. It is generally conceded that a considerable proportion of this unprecedented increase was due to the park program.

The enhanced valuations are partly due to the use of waste lands and the stabilizing influence of alloting such lands to park purposes for all time. Another important factor is the location of motor traffic parkways along low valleys, thus opening up for residential development areas which had been held in large estates or had lain dormant since they had been abandoned for farming years ago. The parkways have made such lands accessible and have created many miles of new frontages and nearby adjoining zones which are desirable for residential use. The figures which have been given indicate the very substantial tax revenues which the park system has created as an offset to the appropriations for land and improvements which are financed by county bonds running from forty to fifty years.

Beyond the enhanced property values and the resultant increase in tax revenue, the Westchester County Park Commission has developed direct income from recreational features and services, which now fully balances the operating and maintenance charges which otherwise would become a tax burden. During 1929 the total operating and maintenance budget, exclusive of bond interest and amortization charges, was $1,544,208. The income from concessions and recreational features was $1,583,632, affording a surplus of $39,424 applicable against bond interest and amortization.

The governing principle adopted by the Commission is that natural park lands involving little outlay beyond the cost of land, should be entirely free; but that there should be moderate charges for special (*Continued on page* 333)





Swimming at Glen Island Beach and golf at Maple Moor Course are among the recreations offered Westchester citizens at modest fees which have made the Park Commission's amusement program self-supporting

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Saving the Redwoods

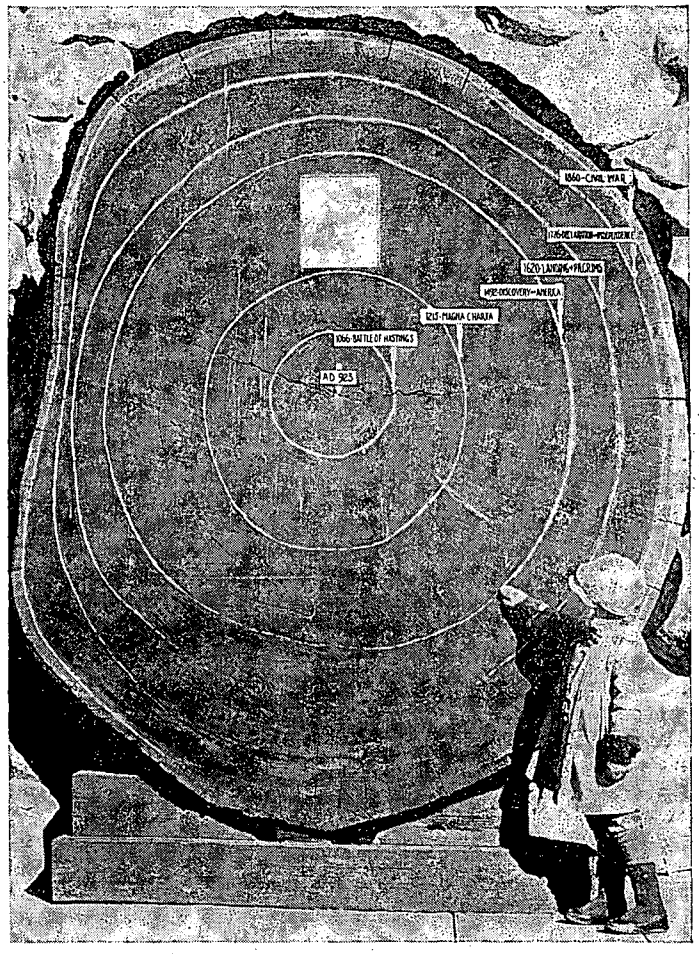
By ANNE ROLLER

AT last it can be shouted with assurance—the world's finest forest will never fall under the axe of the lumberman. At a cost of more than $400,000 (half from the sale of state park bonds, half from members of the Save-the-Redwoods League) the Del Norte Coast State Park, comprising 2,500 acres of redwoods along the rugged seacoast of northern California, has just been completed. At the present moment, with a million dollars from the League and another half-million from the California Federation of Women's Clubs, again to be supplemented by the sale of bonds, the State Park Commission is negotiating with the Pacific Lumber Company and other owners for the purchase of 10,000 to 15,000 acres in the neighborhood of Dyerville, with which to complete the Humboldt State Redwood Park. This purchase includes the celebrated Bull Creek Flat, the finest pure stand of *sequoia sempervirens* in the narrow 450-mile strip of Pacific coastline where this oldest and most beautiful tree is making its last stand against its modern enemy, man.

Just what the saving of Bull Creek Flat means to you depends upon how intimate is your acquaintance with the redwoods. If you are a conservationist on general principles, you will rejoice that another fraction of the primeval forest (they're cutting redwoods at the rate of 10,000 acres a year) has been spared the ignoble fate of becoming shingles, railroad ties, and grape stakes. If you know the companionship of trees, you will welcome this new vacation land where reserves of serenity may be stored up against fevered moments. But if you have ever seen Bull Creek Flat, if you have spent one hour in the green remoteness of its timeless aisles, you will be swept anew with the profound emotion that makes that hour an epoch.

"I would consider the destruction of Bull Creek Flat trees one of the greatest calamities in the whole history of American civilization," wrote Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History, upon his first visit. Scientists have pronounced this strip of forest "the heaviest stand of timber in existence." Due apparently to environmental factors, the redwoods at the juncture of Bull Creek and the South Fork of Eel River are of unusual girth, height, symmetry, and density. Here is perfection.

We had been driving for many hours along the Redwood Highway between San Francisco and Oregon on the day I first saw the Flat. A camping party of eleven, we stopped in the middle of the afternoon at the Richardson and Franklin K. Lane Groves, entering the Humboldt State Redwood Park when the low sun dropped slanting shafts of light between the trees. To right and left of the road thousands of red-brown pillars stretched into infinity, many of them three hundred feet in height—bare for a hundred feet or more, crowned with frond-like branches as delicate as the tall ferns



Through centuries of war and peace, discovery, and the founding of nations these giant redwoods have flourished

that covered the ground below. No underbrush—nothing but dark trunks, lacy branches, ferns, and here and there a carpet of flowering oxalis.

A forest ranger directed us to Bull Creek Flat, leading us far from the beaten track across the creek by way of a fallen log into the midst of the ancient giants whose king is Big Tree. Ancient when Columbus discovered America, 21 feet in diameter, 340 feet in height, this monarch has stood guard over the centuries. Taking hold of hands, our party of a dozen people reached less than half-way round. The sun was now so low that the ferns, breast-high, were wanly illuminated while the tops of the trees blended with the darkening sky. Silent, majestic, peaceful beyond the fretful comprehension of mere humans, the king of the redwoods spread out his arms in benediction.

"I wish I could forget the horror of those cut-over hills we passed this afternoon," said one of the party while we made our way back to our camp-site near the highways.

Prompt action by California in saving the best of the redwoods is simple justice, for Bull Creek Flat was the direct inspiration of the ambitious state park program recently initiated. A visit to this region in 1917 by Henry Fairfield Osborn, John C. Merriam and Madison Grant was the beginning of the Save-the-Redwoods League which ten years later initiated the movement for statewide conservation. (Survey July 15, 1928, Dec. 15, 1929.)

With the purchase of Bull Creek Flat as its eventual goal, the League acquired smaller groves, many of them donated as memorials, along a thirty-mile stretch of the Redwood

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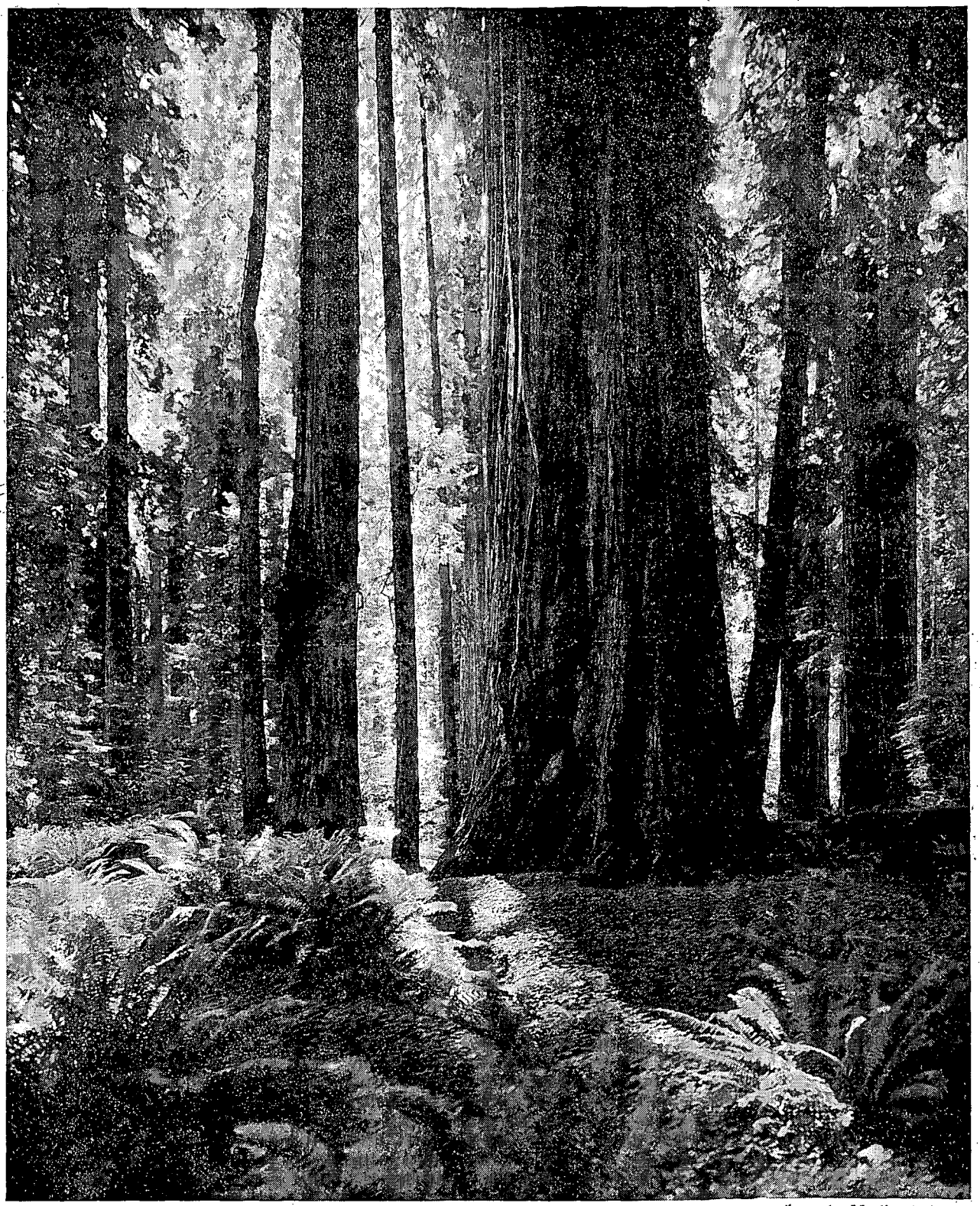

Photos by Moulin, California

"Thousands of red-brown pillars stretched into infinity, many of them three hundred feet high, bare for a hundred feet or more, crowned with frond-like branches as delicate as the breast-high ferns that cover the ground"

Highway, deeding them to the state on proviso that they be kept forever intact. A number of lumber companies gave considerable tracts, for the League soon won their cooperation by its fair business dealings and by its insistence that individuals were not to be blamed for the fact that all the redwoods were privately owned.

Looking toward the preservation of ocean beaches, lakes, mountain and desert regions, as well as forests, in 1924 a committee of the League, under the chairmanship of Duncan McDuffie, made a study of state park systems throughout the United States, later forming a council of all organizations in California interested in conservation. The result was four bills passed by the 1928 legislature. The first created a Department of Natural Resources, with coordinate divisions of parks, forests, fish and game, and mining; the second created a commission of five (appointed by the gov-

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ernor and serving without salary) to acquire, administer, and protect state-owned parks; the third empowered this State Park Commission to make a survey of "lands suitable and desirable for the ultimate develpment of a comprehensive, well-balanced state park system"; the last provided for a bond sale of $6,000,000, to be matched by an equal amount from private gift or city or county appropriation. Seventy-nine projects were listed by Frederick Law Olmsted, nationally known landscape architect, in his report to the Commission of his state-wide survey. Of these, the most urgent were redwood forests in northern California and beaches in southern California.

Bull Creek Flat is directly in the path of lumber operations, so its purchase is a matter of now or never. Fortunately, two factors favor the acquisition of redwood lands at the present moment—a slump in the lumber industry and a boom in the tourist industry. In his last report, Robert Y. Stuart, United States Forester, says that the per capita consumption of lumber today is little more than half of the peak year, 1906, one reason being that "people have chosen to use other things . . . brick, stone, steel, cement, and many other classes of material that compete with wood." Pointing out that the timber famine predicted twenty years ago has failed to materialize, Mr. Stuart makes a statement of extreme significance to conservationists. "The plain fact of the matter is that the lumber industry of the country, taken as a whole, would quite thankfully increase its output in a very substantial amount, if it could find purchasers willing to take the prodct off its hands at a reasonably remunerative price." This holds for living treees as well as saw-logs.

WOULD that the national government might take advantage of this opportunity to make amends for the past by acquiring the National Redwood Park so long dreamed of! Uncle Sam owes that to posterity for what John Muir called the "crazy bargain" of selling in timber claims, at *two and a half dollars per acre,* the only strip of redwoods that remained to the world. Not one national forest was saved out of all the 1,406,393 acres; 550,000 of them have already gone the way of the saw-mill! Though a number of groves of *sequoia gigantea,* the big tree of the Sierras, have been proteced by the national government, up to the present, *sequoia sempervirens,* the coast redwood (taller, of a more ethereal beauty, but alas, more valuable as lumber) has been preserved only through private or state effort. Several years ago Stephen T. Mather, director of the National Park Service, made a study looking toward setting aside an area of not less than 20,000 acres in the northern limits of the redwood belt where great tracts are yet untouched by axe or saw.

Hoping that Congress would act when the time seemed ripe, the Save-the-Redwoods League preserved about 1½ per cent of the original acreage at an average cost of $100 per acre. Now the state steps in with help from the state park bonds. It is a matter for congratulation to friends of the redwoods that the present deal, involving as it does an area the size of a whole year's cutting, is being consummated when lumber companies are glad to sell to conservation projects at a reasonable figure.

"The horror of those cut-over hills" shown in this approach to the grove pictured on page 306

MEANWHILE, the Redwood Empire Association is advertising the advantages of this matchless vacation land, thus compensating the timber counties for shrinking profits from lumber, while at the same time encouraging them to preserve their scenic assets. The supervisors of Humboldt and Del Norte Counties as early as 1924 voted substantial sums toward the preservation of redwood groves, fulfilling the prophesy made by Madison Grant of the New York Zoological Society five years before that "when Humboldt and Del Norte Counties awaken to a full realization of the revolution effected by automobiles which will flood the country with tourists as soon as the highways are completed, they will find that a redwood grove such as Bull Creek Flat is an attraction that is worth to the county many times the full net value of the timber contained in it."

At the San Francisco headquarters of the Redwood Empire Association (a sort of inter-county Chamber of Commerce) I was given a stack of advertising folders so extensive that I objected to the waste of paper—and consequently of timber—they represented.

"It's a choice between wasting paper and wasting time," said Clyde Edmondson, general manager of the Association. "It would take too long to tell you what we're doing to attract tourists to the Redwood Empire. Briefly, the Association is advertising and developing the nine counties—eight in California and one in Oregon—along the Redwood Highway, facilitating and increasing travel, and encouraging permanent settlement."

Newton B. Drury, Secretary of the Save-the-Redwoods League, had told me of the efforts of Empire promoters to preserve the scenic values of the highway through uniform county zoning ordinances. These require set-back lines for all buildings and signs and regulate the specifications and design of auto camps, garages, service stations, and food stands.

The most encouraging feature of the boom in touristry is this united front against exploitation of the parks. While through the Save-the-Redwoods League seven thousand nature lovers are fighting to preserve the trees, through the Redwood Empire Association hard-headed business men are turning the scenic values into hard cash.

Realizing that recreation, in its true meaning of being created anew, is best secured through contact with nature unimproved, the State Park Commission plans to concentrate camping within a few well-regulated areas adjacent to but outside of the most treasured groves. Forever untouched by hand of man, these will be seen only by those who are willing to search out old trails and cross streams by primitive methods. No paved highways, no bridges, no hotels, will mar the perfection of gems like Bull Creek Flat. Big Tree and his hoary legions will stand in the poised tranquility that they have created through the rhythmic centuries.

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Boy Scouts from Boy Gangs

By ORANGE E. McMEANS

WE were sitting, the two of us, on a plank over behind the prison power house. My helper, in the gray garb of a prisoner, although a mere youth, had held the other end of my tape-line and carried my instrument case these three days that we had been measuring and taking notes for a new steam heating plant for the prison. Now he sat watching me as I made the final check-up of our figures. We had become friends as we worked along and talked together.

His replies to my advances had come warily at first, then more fully as we knew each other better. Now as we sat back there alone, and I closed my field book, he went on with the story he had been giving me bit by bit in these three days, the story of his warped boyhood and the wild adventure that had landed him here "doing time." This story, as I pieced it together, was that of early memories of life in a shack, marked by hunger, cold, fierce arguments of the knock-down variety, until "the Old Man blew the works and Mom hooked up with another guy who didn't have no use for us kids." Then came his life with the boy gang: hooking eats from push-carts, market stalls, green grocers; grabbing a "flop" most anywhere, in vacant houses, lumber yards, empty box cars; dodging the "bulls" and freight-yard men, partly of grim necessity and then for the very sport of it; throwing rocks at windows of empty buildings out of the age-old urge of marksmanship; hopping a "rattler" down the yards just for the ride; scrapping with the gang; cussing each other out, but never "snitching" on a pal. Then, when he and some of his gang tried to pull off a "job," the "bulls" got him and here he was "in stir" for a "stretch."

This boy prisoner's tale was not entirely a novel one to me, for I have listened to many similar recitals. As a consulting engineer for a number of prisons and reformatories, I have often spent days within the walls, with opportunity to talk freely with prisoners of all grades from "lifers," and those like the chief engineer of the prison power plant, doing his third term for forgery, to the youngsters just graduated from the boy-gang. While serving also as a volunteer probation officer for the juvenile court for a number of years, with many delinquent boys in my care, there was frequent occasion to seek out these boys in their haunts among the dilapidated buildings and junk heaps, to enter their broken homes and talk with the sodden human derelicts physically their parents but wholly unfit mentally or morally for any care or training of children. It has been my joy to find new homes out on the farm, for some of these boys, so wise in the cynical sophistry of the alley and railroad yard, and to read the evidence of their entrance into new life in the joyous letters telling of eating with the folks at a table, sleeping in a real bed, learning at first hand of the teeming life of things in the great out-of-doors.

THERE is one sure-fire way, as I have found it, to "get under the hide" with these boys that have missed the turn on the road to manhood. This is to tell them about other boys who have also had tough luck at the start, but have pulled out on top. This must not be done with the air of pointing a moral or drawing a deadly comparison. The boy in the garb of a prisoner, or the one coming to you by order of the court as the immediate way of keeping out of jail, will not open up his confidence to you in response to anything savoring of the good boy story. The account of that other boy must be given just as something a little unusual, like a news item with a "human interest" turn to it. Often it must start with merely a bare reference, as though coming from some suggestive incident of the moment. Then with interest stirred, he will be ready to listen to the rest of it.

It was in return for some of these stories of "my boys" that my new-made friend and helper inside the prison walls had ventured to give me the story of his own boyhood. How his eyes lighted again and again as I recounted the exploits of some of these boys of mine that I have led on the gymnasium floor, taught in college classes, coached on the athletic field, trained to swim and dive, buddied with on the hike, in the tents or out under just the blankets and the stars. Always it is hard to convince a boy such as he that these things are not just for rich men's sons, for the few lucky higher-ups. He listens at first with plain doubt, then with growing wonder as he hears that some of these boys were orphans, many from the humblest homes, but have made their way up through business or college on their own. And the won-

Instruction in first aid and bandaging is a part of the Scout training in practical skills which are of very real value

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der grows with him as there may be added the final reference to places of honor that some of these now hold in the busy world.

It is all a new look on life, upsetting his hard-and-fast idea that the world is dead set against him, that there is no chance for a poor boy, or any way for him to get anything worth while without just grabbing it off the lucky dog who gets his stuff easy. Making friends with the bulls? What a joke! A happy home for him? Something to read about! College for a poor boy? Far off as heaven! The Boy Scouts? Always thought they were a bunch of sissies! But the friendly hand shake and warm "goodbye" when we parted as our job was done, led me to feel that there would be a new turn to that boy's thoughts after his cell door clanged shut that night, a longing wonder, it might be, if it would not after all be worth trying to go straight when his stretch was done. What pity the vision could not have come into his life before the prison bars had left their sinister mark.

Boy Scouts come to have a friendly intimacy with Nature

The stories that I like to tell of "my boys," and which I have found give me audience with boys anywhere, in prison or out, have been gleaned from a long and varied list of experiences beginning when I was little more than a boy myself. My first vote was cast while serving as physical director in a Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. Going then to college, it was to carry on in the "gym" and on track and field, until with the diploma came the opportunity to teach engineering to young men and to serve also as their coach and leader on the hardwood floor. Full well do I know the force of well-directed physical training and clean sport as a contribution to well-balanced manhood. On yet another side, that of moral and religious training, as a teacher of boys' classes and superintendent of a large city Sunday school for a number of years, there was often reason to be gratified in the results obtained in the face of the sharp limitations as to time and the well-meant but poorly organized efforts of teachers having little talent or training for the vital task.

But by far the greatest series of thrills, and the knowledge of successful efforts in the training of boys for citizenship, have come during my years of service as an active Scoutmaster. From the boy side of it, the program of Boy Scouting is rich in the things material that charm any boy, in the incentives to action that thrill his bounding nature, in the joy of leadership, the warmth of comradeship, the satisfaction of accomplishment, the recognition of true merit, all leading him logically and enthusiastically into a life of manly helpfulness. And to any man who earnestly wishes to lead boys, the plan of Boy Scouting offers a most complete and effective means for getting right next to the boy in all his interests. My own boy was the first First Class Scout in our Troup. But I can take little credit for this as his Scoutmaster, for he pulled me into the job at the start and gave me no rest until he had earned the badge.

Many a father has confessed to me that he knew I was closer to his boy than he was himself. And the reason is not hard to find. When you teach a boy to cook, to swim, to signal, to know the life of the trees, the flowers, and the birds, when you hike with him by day and lie under the blankets with him by night, then you know that boy whether he be your own or some other man's son. And he will listen to anything you tell him, for you have established with him a pledge of sincere interest in every item of his welfare. You are more than his teacher, you are his companion, his tried friend, his buddy. But have a care that your own conduct is clean, for the intimacy is mutual and the boys will soon have your failings listed as well as your cherished points of merit.

One prime reason for the world-wide success of the Boy Scout plan is its recognition and embodiment of the hobbies of boyhood. These stir the boy to the depths of his make-up and form much of the background of memory for those of us who have grown older. Swimming will ever come first in any list of boy hobbies, as it is the first of the twelve "tests" for the First Class Scout. Next, perhaps, in any land in any time, must come kite flying. That man who has not as a boy watched a kite of his own workmanship rise as steadily as a balloon from the ground, then tug like a thing of life on the swaying line reaching up toward it in the depths of the blue, has missed one of the supreme triumphs of boyhood. The mystery of code signaling holds a deep charm for the average boy. To be able to "talk" with the flags across the valley, or with the whistle in the forest, indeed with anything anywhere that will carry a signal by motion or sound, is no mean accomplishment.

ONE night there appeared at our Scout Troop meeting a new boy bringing a transfer slip from another troop across town that had disbanded. Questioning him with a view to placing him favorably in our Scouting activities, it was soon evident that his one big hobby was wireless telegraphy. He had a little outfit at his home, where night after night I sat in with him as we strained our ears and our patience for the elusive signals from the few ships and shore stations of those days in the first years of the Great War. Then, by invitation of a local newspaper, our Troop set up a wireless station in their front show window, the instruments of this Scout enthusiast being hooked to an aerial swung from the flag pole atop the twelve-story building. During the week of our demonstration, crowds thronged the building lobby and the sidewalk until a detail of police were assigned to keep them moving.

One Scout operator and assistant were on duty, working in shifts as assigned, from early morning until near midnight. One night when our Scout "wireless bug" was on duty, the stuff was coming in so fine that he stayed on and on through the night. About four o'clock of the morning, some Associated Press operators "going off trick" came down

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the elevator. Seeing the lone Boy Scout humped over his instruments, one of them called out, "Hey Kid, gettin' anything from Podunk Station?" For answer this Scout operator turned his message pad around to the news man. There he had written out in full, address, signature, and all complete, a message from a British wireless station telling of the submarine bombing of a merchant vessel. The time of receipt marked was 2:30 A. M. The astonished news operator read the message aloud to his mates, then exclaimed, "Darned if this kid didn't beat us to this story by more than an hour."

ONE day the following summer when I kept the camp as the Scouts and other Scoutmasters went for the swim, all was quiet until they came laughing, scampering up the hill. All but one Scout of our Troop, my own son. Inquiry developed that no one seemed to know where he was. Then the question was put to each Scoutmaster, "Do you know anything about Scout McMeans?" Still no answer. Even the Life Guard remembered only that he had seen this Scout trying some new dives, but nothing later. Down the hill on the run went this Scoutmaster-father, and along the half-mile woodland path to the swimming hole, peaceful now in the cool afternoon shade of the drooping sycamores. There was a hasty search for clothing on the bank, or any other sign of a tragedy I feared but yet hoped might not have happened. Nothing there. Then came, through the woods, the faint, far-away sound of a Scout whistle. It was calling in the code "G-G-G (signing) X-X." My call! The signature that of my Scout son! Off the belt with a jerk came my own whistle, forgotten till then in the surging fear, and a few blasts sounded the answering signal. Then the far off whistle gave the brief assuring message, "O K D-a-d b-a-c-k a-t c-a-m-p X." It seems he had just followed a winding brook off a little way through the woodland, unobserved by the other Scouts, and was thus delayed in returning to camp. But was this Scoutmaster grateful in that moment for the signal code that brought the load-lifting message down through the woods to the bank of the silent stream!

WHEN Boy Scouting was new, there being in our own city just a few independent Troops, there was held in a large hall an exhibit of the various agencies for child training. Space in the hall was offered to the Boy Scouts. A few of us Scoutmasters collected some pictures and other material for the exhibit, and arranged a schedule for voluntary duty in charge of the booth. One evening, when I was standing in Scoutmaster's uniform, there came slouching through the crowd a typical street gamin. Taking in the exhibit at one sweeping glance, then appraising me in like fashion, he asked cockily, "Say, feller, what's it cost to join the Scouts?"

"Not a cent to join," I replied, adding, "a nickel a week for dues after you're in, and four seventy-five for a uniform if you want it."

"Huh!" he muttered, and swaggered away.

In a few minutes he was back, with, "Wha'd'ye do to git in?" For answer I opened the copy of the Handbook For Boys lying on the table, and pointed to the list of simple tests for Tenderfoot Scout, also giving him the name and address of one of our First Class Scout Examiners. He looked, then turned and left without a word. Supposing his curiosity to be fully satisfied, I forgot about him.

But I had a surprise coming. Next Monday evening when I stepped into the little Troop meeting room, there sat my street urchin visitor away back in a corner, face clean, hair brushed, but staring like an alley cat in a strange yard. He presented a card signed by the Scout Examiner, certifying his preparation for the badge of the Tenderfoot Scout. We put him through a short ritual, ending with the Scout Oath of duty to God, Country, and the Scout Law, then pinned the tenderfoot badge on his coat. The home address he gave was in a section across the railroad yards, miles away.

Next Monday he brought one of his gang, then another and another, until one night they lined up eight strong on one side of the room when the Troop Leader's whistle blew for order. They plunged into Scouting with unbounded zeal, their gang leader who had led them into this new adventure being a very human dynamo, a rough article to fit into the Scouting program. He would at times burst into the meeting room and roll on the floor, upsetting chairs, Scouts, and all decorum. His approval of any project was given usually in a wild warwhoop.

ONE night I said to the Assistant Scoutmaster, "Suppose we appoint this boy a patrol leader and see what happens." The Assistant met this suggestion with a questioning whistle and shake of his head. But I went on bravely, calling this boy's name as the last one of the four patrol leaders for the next six months. The effect of the announcement was startling. This harum-scarum fellow jumped to attention, saluted, and responded, "Sir, this is the proudest moment of my life." Then turning to the seated Scouts, he announced, "Now this here Troop has got the name of being a rough-neck bunch, an' I tell you it's gotta stop, right now." From that time on, any luckless Scout disturbing the meeting found what was coming to him in a hurry. A heavy hand, backed by a wiry figure, put him in his seat or led him outside, all with a smile and the warning, "You ain't a good Scout if you act that-a-way. Now behave!" And it was the same on the hike or in the camp. He lived the Scout Law right up to the handle, to the best of his knowledge and ability, and expected every other Scout to do the same. He fairly "ate up" the tests for the First Class Scout's badge, all but the very first one, "Swim fifty yards." There he was stuck, for an inborn fear of the water kept him always from venturing beyond ankle-deep, and no amount of friendly coaxing by his Scoutmaster or "joshing" from the plunging, splashing crowd in the pool would move him to try it further.

When the call of the Great War came, this Scout Patrol Leader and twelve of his fellow Scouts from our Troop answered. Three of them did not come back. Today this rough gamin, this swaggering boy-gang leader, made over into a good Scout, a good soldier, and now a good citizen, carries on in manly obedience to law and order. His former "pep" is tempered a bit by the grim realities of the years that have gone, but his Scout salute comes with all the old-time snap, as his voice rings out cheerily in greeting to his former Scoutmaster. Who can say where this bundle of boy-energy, and the members of his gang, might have gone in the depths of deviltry had he not wandered into Tomlinson Hall that night and stopped to question the "feller" at the Boy Scout booth, who is now telling his story in testimony to Boy Scouting as a medium for turning the intense vigor of boy life, wherever it is found, into the channels of that intensity of intelligent, manly activity so demanded by the ever growing complexity of our modern city life.

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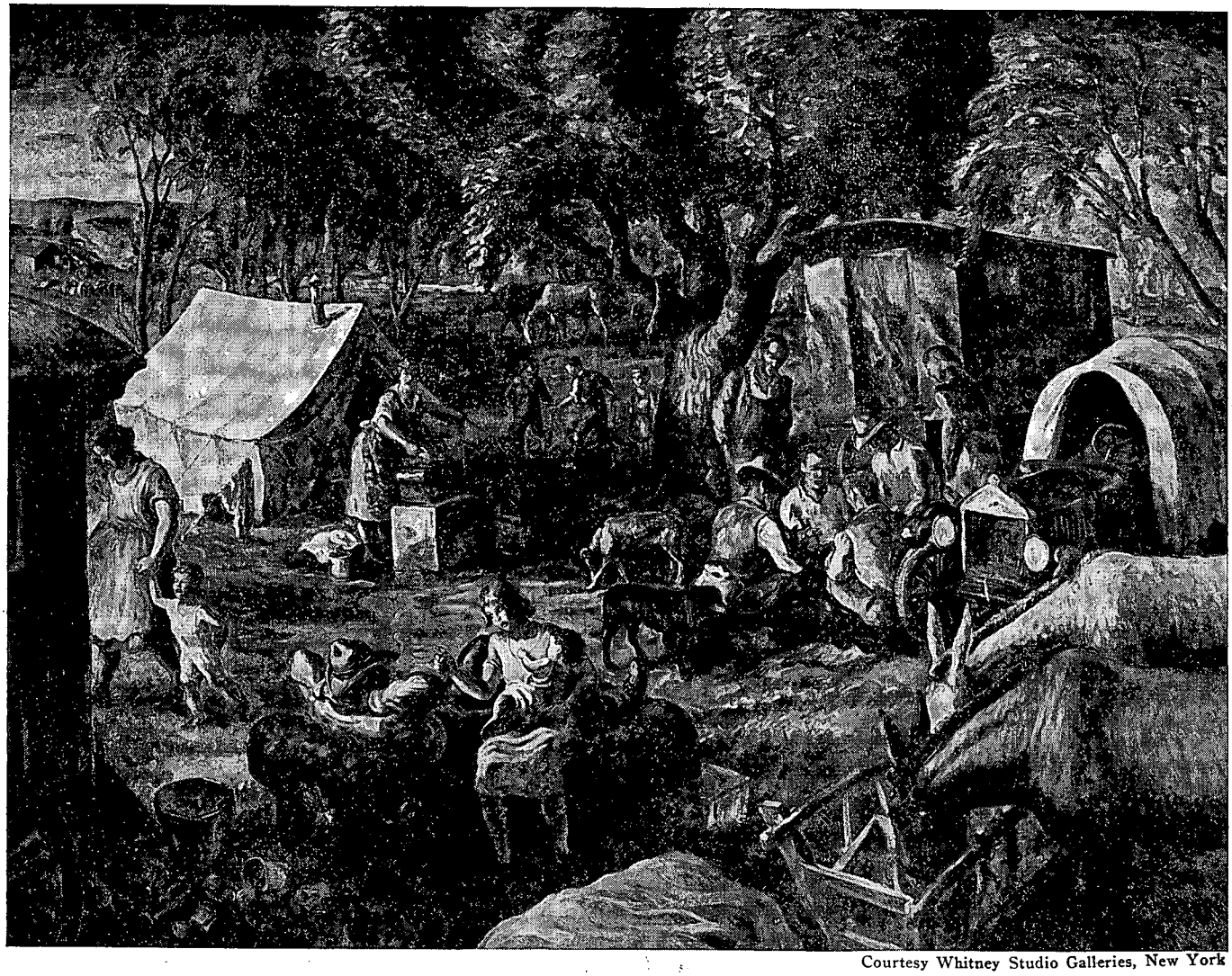

Courtesy Whitney Studio Galleries, New York

ROAD-WORKERS' CAMP

Out There

Paintings by John Steuart Curry

A YOUNG missionary, returning from the heights of Tibet, gasped with pleasure as the train came upon the endless plains of her native Kansas and exclaimed, "Now, that's what I call beautiful!" So in a delightful eastern town, just outside of the city whose millions represent the nations of the world, John Steuart Curry paints life "out there" in rural Kansas with a homesick brush. He loves the trees lopped off, by the winds, the cottages and barns, the great cattle ranches, the simple, substantial folk. Many of his paintings are anecdotal; they give the quality of the section through some episode, much as Masters has done in verse of the Middle West, or Frost of the East. There is the road gang—men, women, children, pets and household equipment, jumbled together in an arcadian community—so reminiscent of those prints of the sixties of the pioneer camps; the gospel train with its country converts and picnic-like atmosphere; the home endangered by the sudden coming of the tornado; the hired man feeding another's swine. Curry paints the stockman, his own father, and "the old folks" alone, now that the children have gone, with their large acres. His are the people of the prairie grass: "Those that go their own gait, erect, stepping with freedom and command, leading not following . . . those of earth-born passion, simple never constrained, never obedient, those of inland America."

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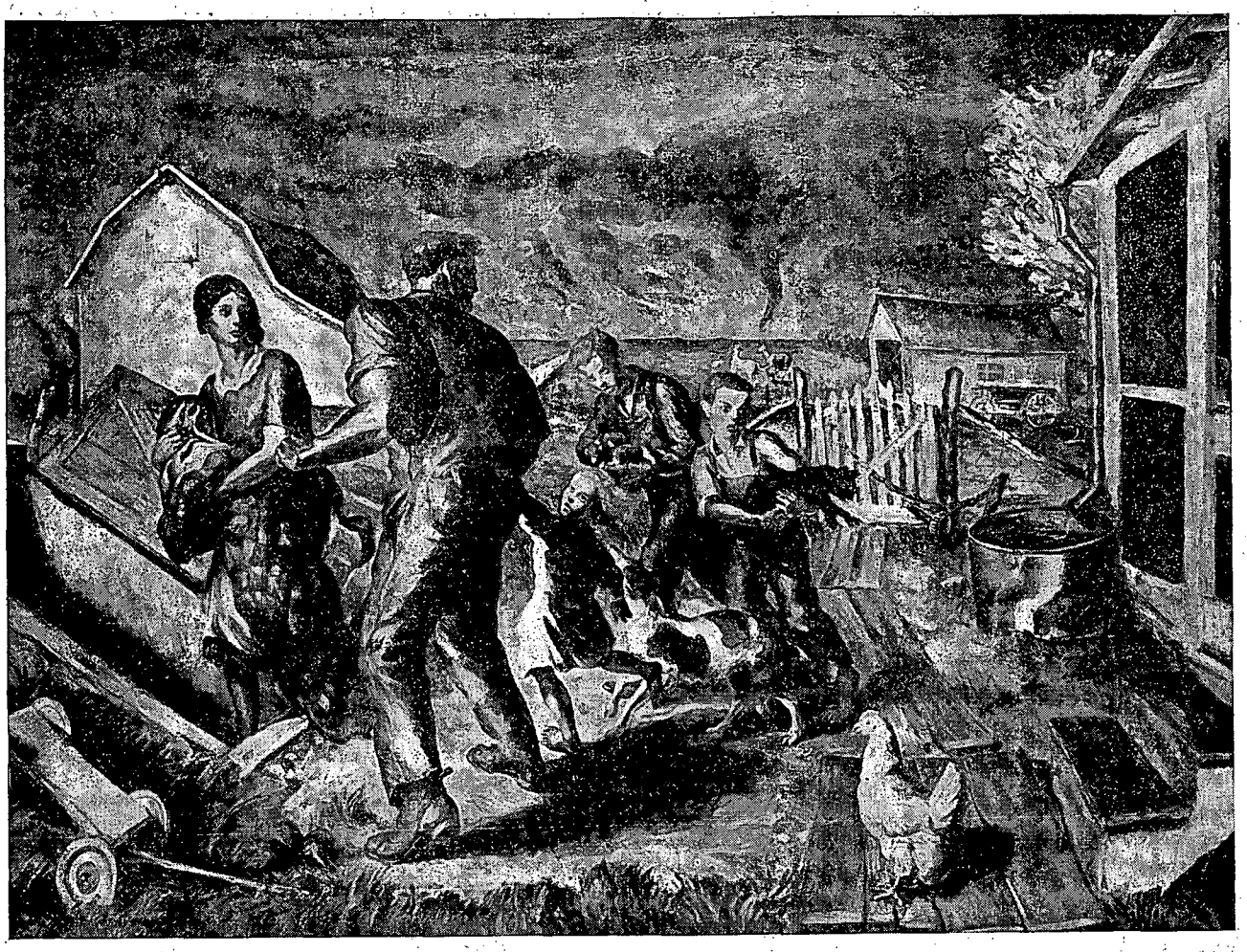
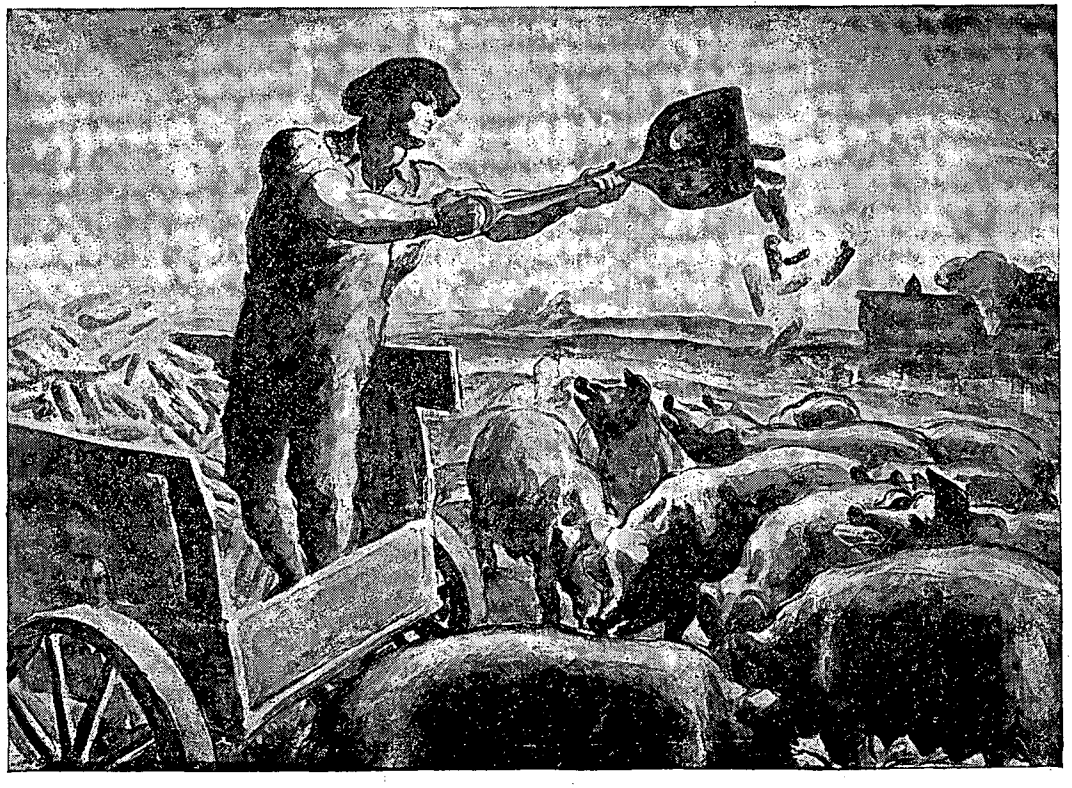


THE TORNADO



PRODIGAL SON

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THE OLD FOLKS

THE STOCKMAN

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LAY-OFF

By HORACE HOLT

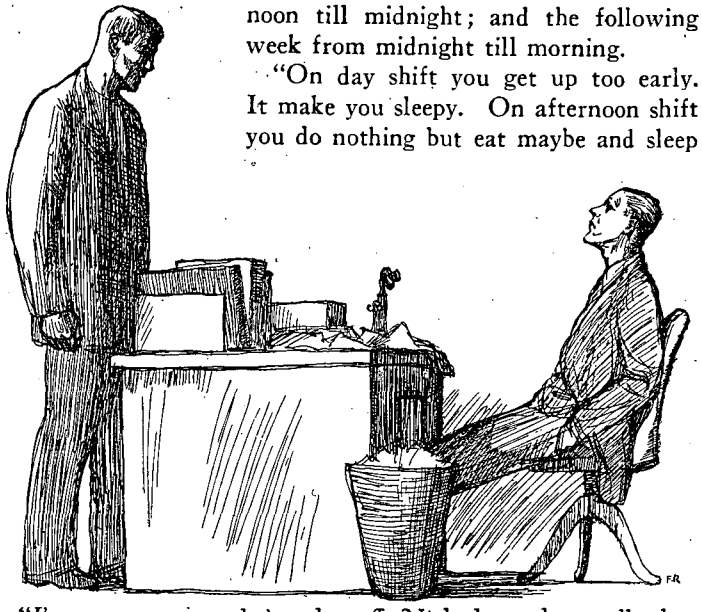
Drawings by Fermin Rocker

ANNA KOCHOFSKI hummed happily as she carefully swept the cheap rugs in her tiny living room. There was much work to do: many beds to make, dishes to wash, a big ironing. The children kept the little house cluttered in spite of her best efforts. When it was hot the baby cried. The little ones played in the streets and got dirty. Summer was a hard season. Nick did not like summer very well, either. It was hard to work when the sun got so damn hot—that's what Nick said. Anna's broad, slightly stout figure swayed with the broom in time with the tune she was humming. There was much to be glad for. Nick had worked in the same place for five years, and there was little worry about a lay-off. That used to be the big trouble. He would work a week, maybe a month, then Nick would come home sorry and say he was laid off. But that was past. Nick said they never laid off men where he worked now.

Nicholas Kochofski made gasoline. His work was hard and very hard in the summer time. He was not a machine operator. His job was to clean coke deposits from the stills so that they might be charged for another run. Yet in his own mind, he made gasoline, and having such a broad vision of his place in the complex mechanism of the refinery, he was happy. As he told Anna, "If a man ask you, 'What you do?' it is not good to have to say like Dudek, 'I work labor work,' or 'Me? I digga deetch in the groun'.' It is better to say, 'Me? I make gasoline for cars so people get rides in the country when the sun she get damn hot. Yah. That's my job.' "

One week Nick worked from early in the morning till the middle of the afternoon; the next week from mid-afternoon till midnight; and the following week from midnight till morning.

"On day shift you get up too early. It make you sleepy. On afternoon shift you do nothing but eat maybe and sleep much; but on night shift when you sleep in the daytime, the babies cry, the boys they yell, and the wife she come kiss you when you just get to sleep. It get so hot like hell so you no sleep anyhow. Yes, night shift, she no good."



"I'm sorry you catch 'em lay-off, Nick, but when stills shut down, what we do?"

It was hot and murky that July night. Nick had tried to sleep during the day, but it was too stifling. Even when it was time to go on night shift, the air did not stir in the sullen darkness, and the shadows thrown by street lamps seemed to crackle with the heat.

The bus came to a rumbling stop at the gates of the refinery. Men in shirt sleeves or shirtless, plodded through the night.

In the locker rooms under the condenser boxes the heat was terrific. As the men changed to their grease-soaked, sweaty working togs, they cursed at contrary belts and shoestrings.

There were ugly rumors floating around. The pressure stills were to be shut down, some said all the batteries; some said only one battery; others sneered and asked where they got that stuff.

"We all catch 'em blue slip pretty quick," said the tall, strong Lithuanian who cleaned shell stills. "Then we find 'nother job. No good."

The tube inspector glanced up from his task of tying a rawhide lace in a heavy shoe. "Yah. My wife she give me hell if I no get job again. I get laid off? No. I go to school. I am citizen!"

Steve, the plug man, smallest in the gang, shook his head with a worried glance at the inspector. "My wife she sick all time. I no can go to school and be citizen. I guess I catch blue slip pretty quick."

Nick felt a little sick. It would be too bad if many men were laid off. One battery meant forty men. If more batteries shut down many more men would go. He felt sorry for them. He would stay of course. They needed Nick to make gasoline.

Next day the electric fan roared at high speed in the office of the employment manager in the personnel building. The gale whirled across the small inner office, pulling at weighted papers in the letter basket, and a few scribbled notes on a pad. The employment manager turned rapidly through a sheaf of service records and touched a buzzer on his desk. His asistant entered.

"Three batteries of pressure stills are to be closed next week, Backley. That means, say, one hundred twenty-five men. What would you suggest?"

Backley thought for a moment.

"Is the shut-down permanent or temporary?"

"Well, it's hard to say. You know how such things go." Denman fingered the service records. Backley frowned. "It'll mean laying off with up to seven years service if that many go. I suppose it can't be helped, though."

"Yeh. It's too bad, but it can't be helped. If it were for no more than a month we might hold them over. But

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this has the earmarks of a long shut-down." Denman pressed another buzzer.

"Miss Morris, please make up a complete list of all men in the pressure-still division, in order of total length of service. Include ages, marital status, number of children, citizenship status, number of employments in case of breaks of service and total service in that department. You will get that information from the employment cards. Check with the company school, and indicate those who are attending classes there."

Denman dismissed Miss Morris with a nod and turned to Backley. "Gosh, it's hot. How'd you like to be working in the yard today? Those poor devils are suffering. Two prostrations already. It's been a long while since we've had to cut down like this. We must be very careful to be absolutely fair in all procedure. Other things being equal, the men with longer service will be held. Size of family and other such items will be considered in case of doubt. Better plan to spend your full time on that job for the next week or so."

Backley went out. Denman lit a cigarette, pulled his plant telephone to him and called a number.

"Hello, Bruce? Yeh. Darn hot day. Say, try to get that lay-off list to me today if possible or tomorrow morning at the latest. No. Not a chance. Yard department is laying off, too, and there is no other place to put them. None of us like it. Don't forget Saturday afternoon. Hope it is cooler than this. Hot weather brings out the sweat and good golf, though. S'long."

Nicholas Kochofski had slept four hours and awoke shortly after noon refreshed and more or less at peace with the world. It was cooler, the house was clean, the boys were playing in the street, and the baby was fast asleep. Nick's lunch was waiting for him, and after plunging his face into a basin of cold water with much gurgling and bubbling, he sat down with Anna in silence. They never talked while they ate. To them life was sweet, but a serious business. They ate and worked, and if there was time for idle conversation or amusement in between times, so much the better.

Nick strode out of the house after he had finished his meal.

"Hey, Adam," he called as a tall, thin fellow with huge mustachios walked dejectedly in front of him, "Wassamatter? Watch where you go. Maybe you walk in your sleep? Why you no work today?"

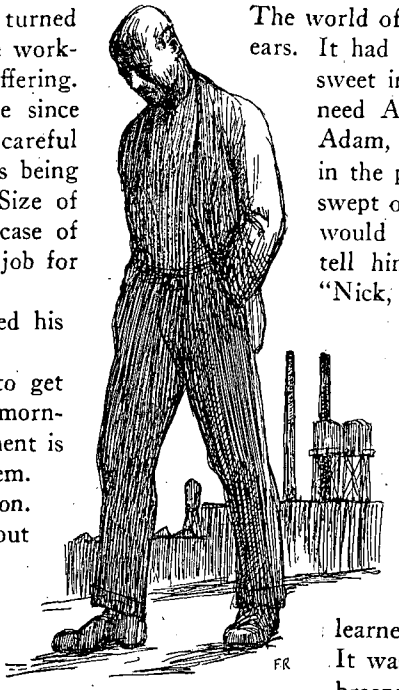
"I catch 'em blue slip."

"You catch 'em—huh? Why they lay you off? You blow tubes, you clean 'em stills, you work like hell. Wassamatter? Why do they do that? That not right."

"I go tell 'em in the big office just what you say. What they tell me?" Adam's face turned red with helpless rage. "They tell me they shut 'em down stills. I ask 'em why other men like Butch still stay workin'. What they tell me? Bah. They tell me Butch he work one year longer than me, and I not got many kids like him. Bah. He loaf. Nex' job I loaf too, then maybe I keep job."

"You tell 'em your baby she in hospital two month?"

"Nah. I tell 'em no more. They go to hell."



Nick slowly trudged home

The world of Nicholas Kochofski fell about his ears. It had been a sombre world at best, but sweet in a sense of security. They didn't need Adam any more to make gasoline. Adam, next to him, Nick, best cleaner in the plant. What if—but no. A smile swept over Nick's face. Sure they always would need Nick. Didn't the big boys tell him when they needed stills quick, "Nick, you do 'em this job. You do 'em quicker'n anybody. You work like hell." Too bad about Adam. Maybe he got caught smoking or washing up before job was done. Adam got mad easy. That must be it.

Nick's first day on the day shift was a cool, cloudy day that made even the life of a tube cleaner more or less livable. One learned not to mind the grease and dirt. It was the heat that broke men. Today breezes blew in under the upper platform, cooled the men, and drove the clouds of dust away.

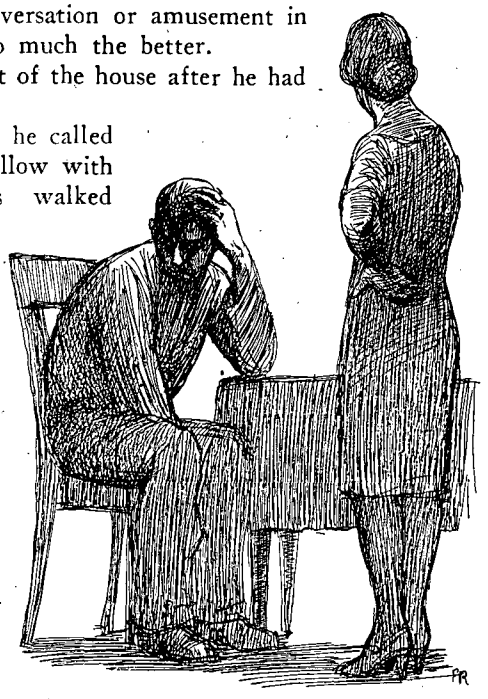
It was Steve who first noticed the foreman. "Here comes boss," he said suddenly. "He's got blue slips!"

The men continued dressing and washing, but a strange tension took possession of the dark room. Nick nervously pulled on his trousers. It seemed hard to breathe. A frantic fear tugged at his heart. Five years—it was a long time. Jobs were scarce.

The foreman was disgruntled. Laying off his best men, were they? Why the devil didn't he have the final say-so about who went? What was a year or two of service against even a small difference in ability and willingness? It wasn't his party, but it was a doggone shame to lay off men who had given him a square deal from the word go.

"We're shuttin' down some stills," he began, as he entered the door, "and some of you have got to go. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. You go on lay-off, see? If things pick up inside three months you get called back and go to work without medical examination or nothing. Now you fellers that haven't had your vacation yet, you get 'em now, beginning tomorrow, and your week's notice at the same time. Take these slips to the big office—employment office—and they will give you orders for your money, includin' your vacation money. Then you fellers will have a week to look for jobs while you get paid. Good deal, I call it."

The men stopped dressing. He handed twelve slips to twelve men—Steve, Butch, nine other men, and, last of all, Nick. Nick's hand trembled as he took the slip. The foreman hesitated a minute.



Nick's anger turned to misery. "No more I make gasoline. I look for new job"

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"I'm sorry you catch 'em slip, Nick. Like to have you in my gang. When things pick up, you come back." The foreman went on to the next locker room.

They had taken his job away—from him, Nick, best cleaner in the plant. He was dazed, and he was frantically afraid. Sure, he could find a job. He was not afraid of looking for work. Laid off. That was it. No matter where he went or what he did, always that grinning demon would awaken him at night and gnaw his soul while he worked. He knew. He had been laid off many times. He had thought that some day he would get a job where no lay-off would come. Now he knew that could never happen. He saw himself old, beaten, always fighting against that lay-off; fighting more feebly as the years went on, till some day no one would even let him start to work. Laid off! Laid off! It was a sentence for life.

At the employment office everyone was kind and cheerful. Why not? Their jobs were good ones. They did not lay themselves off! Backley handed Nick an order for his money, took his lay-off slip, and gave him a duplicate.

"I want to see boss," said Nick.

"What do you want to see him about, Nick?" Backley asked. "I'll do anything I can for you. The boss is mighty busy right now."

"I *got* to see *Boss*," said Nick, this time fiercely. The sweat rolled down his face and disappeared in drops inside his shirt. His arms were tense. His eyes glowed fiercely.

"Tell you the boss is busy. You tell me what you want, and—" Backley lifted his head from the drawer where he was rummaging for more slips and stopped suddenly as he saw the face of the other. Gosh. It was a shame. "Well, I'll see. Wait a minute." He disappeared through the door and reappeared almost at once.

"Go on in, Nick. Mr. Denman will see you."

Nick walked slowly across the room into the inner office. Denman looked up from his littered desk, and covered his annoyance with a smile.

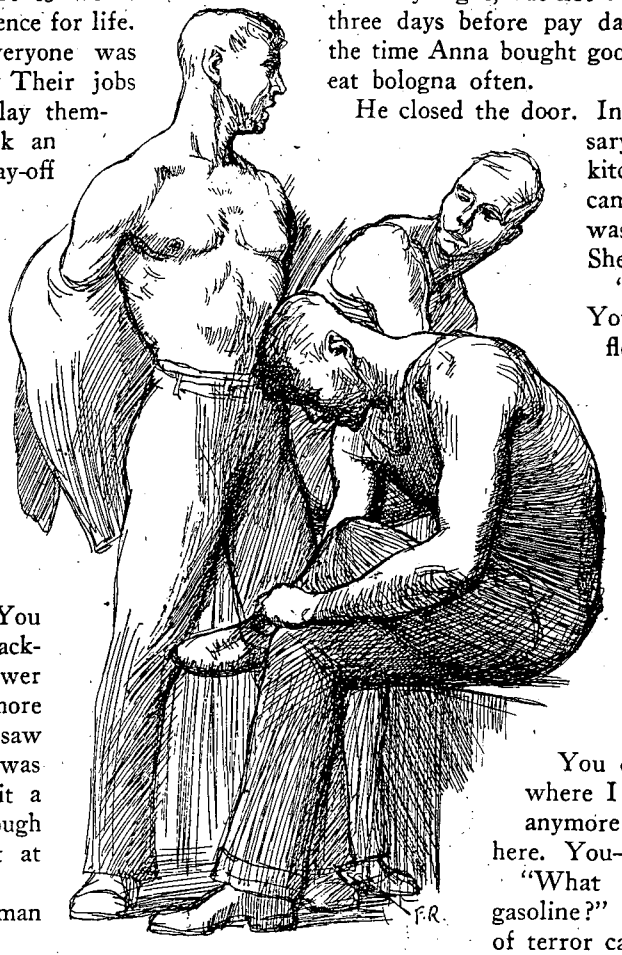
"Hello, Nick. You want to see me?"

"Yah. I catch blue slip."

"I'm sorry you catch 'em lay-off, Nick, but when stills shut down, what we do? No work. Maybe it not last long and you get job back again pretty soon. You are big, strong, anyhow. You catch lots work easy." Unconsciously he fell into the abbreviated English of the Polish worker. The men liked it and understood better.

"Why you lay me off? I work five years. I work like hell. You ask boss!" Each word came slowly. It was an accusation, a cry for justice, and behind the words was the soul of the man.

"Sure, Nick. You one best man in cleaners. I know that. We don't *want* to lay you off. Lots of men have to go. All good men. Too many good men," he joked feebly.



The men continued washing and dressing but a strange tension took possession of the dark room

The spirit left Nick. He was afraid of this man who smiled and joked when men got laid off. Nick tried to talk but words would not say themselves. Suddenly he knew that this man was right and Nick was wrong. That was all. Now he was laid off. All the time he would be laid off now.

Nick got his money, said goodbye to no one, and slowly trudged home. He did not take the bus. What would he tell Anna? He reached his house finally.

Anna was in the kitchen. The fragrance of frying pork chops filled the small house. On other evenings that crispy odor was a source of pride as well as satisfaction. Other families ate bologna every day except on Sunday, or possibly Saturday night, but not Nick's. Sometimes one, two, maybe three days before pay day, but not very often. Most of the time Anna bought good meat to cook. Now they would eat bologna often.

He closed the door. In order to wash it would be necessary for him to go through the kitchen. The baby was crying. Anna came in to go to the baby. Her face was flushed with the heat of cooking. She started as she saw Nick.

"Why you no come to back door? Your feet, they dirty. You spoil the floor. Wassamatter? You sick?"

"Nah. Too damn hot. Stills dirty and make lot work." Nick slouched dejectedly into the nearest chair.

A torrent of Polish flew from Anna's lips. "You get up out of that chair. Your clothes, they dirty. All the time you make me keep the house clean. All the time I make the boys play outside. Why don't you do like you make me do?"

"Be still. I do what I want. You do what I say. Maybe I no boss where I work; maybe I no make gasoline anymore for anybody. Anyhow I still boss here. You—"

"What you mean you no more make gasoline?" Anna's eyes widened, and a look of terror came over her face.

Nick's anger turned to misery. He shook his head slowly. "I catch 'em lay-off. No more I make gasoline. I look for new job next week." He walked to the kitchen, leaving Anna staring open-mouthed, hoping frantically that what she heard was not true. A multitude of more or less disconnected thoughts flashed through her mind. House not paid for. No other jobs but labor work, and those were scarce. All the time Nick catch lay-off like before. Sometimes maybe they be hungry. Joey and little Nick, maybe they have to quit school. It would always be so.

She went to the kitchen and took the burned pork chops off the fire.

Two weeks later Mr. Denman sat in his office with the big fan roaring behind him. He held a letter in his hand, and buzzed for his assistant.

"I thought you might be interested in reading this from the New York office," he (*Continued on page* 328)

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CHERRY

By FLORENCE DELIN

A DIM, misty veil of rain gently blurred the drabness of Science Alley from its beginning by the little filling-station on the hard road, down the wooded hill, up past its row of Negro cabins, and beyond to the few houses, a trifle more pretentious, which were occupied by poor buckra. The Negro shanties shared an air of snugness and security. Although they looked uninhabited, an occasional snatch of song or burst of laughter could be heard issuing through the cracks.

Mirth was missing from Cherry's home. A meager blaze flickered in the fireplace and the cupboard was almost bare. The rent had been so long unpaid that Cherry was forced to live a "dodge life"—dodging the rent man, dodging among the neighbors for scraps of food. It was difficult, too, for her to dodge quickly for her womb was gorged with child. She bent clumsily to lay a stick of wood on the smoldering ashes, then crept to the window and stared wearily through the grimy pane. By her side eighteen-months-old Sapphire watched vainly for the man whom she tried to call "daddy." The word didn't slip easily off her inexperienced little tongue, but Cherry wouldn't offer to help the child pronounce it.

Rain, nothing but rain. Rain. . . . Jedus, she'd come to this, had she? Wouldn't that chile ever be born? It was no fun dragging her heavy body around, day in and day out, never knowing whether there would be something for her and Sapphire to eat. Folks seemed hard-hearted here in E— County. Her pulses quickened as she thought of F— County with its wide fields of cotton and corn interspersed with a few acres of sticky-leaved tobacco. Mules braying softly in the evening air. Roly-poly pigs scampering across the highway. Chickens just about ready for the frying-pan. Trees fairly dripping with gray moss. Luscious, sugary figs warmed through with the sun. Old women chattering toothlessly over corncob pipes. Girls and younger women laughing and exchanging bits of gossip down at the spring. The bantering and good natured raillery among the men in the fields. Zach had been with them. It was good to remember how he had flashed his eyes at her, or managed to brush against her body which was then alluringly slender and comely.

Her thoughts drifted back to that day when ("Stop, Sapphire, lemme alone." Jedus, that had been Sapphire annoying her even then!) she had slowly raised her head, wiped the trickles of sweat from her brow, and gazed unseeingly across the fields white with cotton. Ah! that wave of sickness which dimmed her vision and threatened her usefulness. She pressed her hand to her side. Could it be—? Surely not! But these here little babies seemed to come mighty easy, so easy that a gal never counted on them. It 'peared like they were always coming into her family.

Cherry's mother had been caught too. When she was a winsome young wench, some dark-skinned buck had fooled her up and then went off and left her. She got to talkin' to Dan, and married him before he realized what was happening. Dan had been faintly surprised when it became evident that Cherry was about to be born, but nevertheless he had welcomed her and made her a fairly good step-daddy.

Cherry herself was fair-skinned, a bright yellow mulatto. Her step was springy and sinuous, her breasts well-rounded and throbbing with life. Her voice thrilled with all the unconscious lilts and cadences of a wild bird. Every man, woman, and child who heard her speak or hum at her work, paused to listen or engage her in further conversation, just to hear that curious flute-like voice!

She had had a happy-go-lucky childhood. How she had loved the hot summers when, clad in a wisp of gaudy cotton frock, she had danced over the fields, carrying water to the hands, thinking up some new sort of devilment during trips to and from the spring. Of course there had been a few tiresome school days. For the first term or two Cherry had hurried through her lessons. It was no task for her to memorize the brief stories, and sums in 'rithmetic, but after that she could never even do finger work.

ALL too soon she became aware that the world was peopled with men and boys. Strange, fascinating masculine creatures! Cherry far preferred their company to that of girls and women. She spent so much time studying how to win and gather their physical attention upon her growing self that books were forgotten and it was difficult to chop even half an acre of cotton per day. She adored their lavish caresses, the pressure of their moist lips. Her heart ached with the joy of living. One day she was assailed with a sudden heaving and gulping that forced her to sit down in the cool shade of the huge old magnolia tree. Finally she got up and staggered to the cabin. Soon she was all right again. But the sickness persisted until ole Maum Trude began to notice and set the date for a birthing. The waves of nausea had been nothing compared to the agony of that birthing. Jedus, would she ever forget it! Baby Pearl was a cuddlesome scrap of humanity but such a bother. A gal couldn't give suck to a baby, hoe in the fields, and still keep up with the boys. Maybe if wee Pearl were no longer tied to her apron string she would regain her former following of lovers. Mamie Lou, over in B—, had been unable to breed and wanted a little one. She would be only too glad to open her arms to Pearl. That was five years ago and Cherry had just passed her fifteenth birthday.

Cherry had been surprised to find that the baby's absence left such a void in her heart. However, she soon re-established herself with the boys, and forgot everything in the thrill of being loved again. Her admirers sometimes gave her a sack of sweets, a gay-colored kerchief for her head, a string of beads, perhaps a few nickels. She cared not if they brought her nothing but endearments. Let the cotton go hang, the overseer curse all he liked. There was plenty of bread and meat at home. Her step-daddy was old and she need pay no heed to his feeble remonstrances.

Zach was gradually dawning (*Continued on page* 329)

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Courtesy Newhouse Galleries, New York

THE WASH

Southern Sketches

MANY well-known people have been painted by Wayman Adams—Pennell, Tarkington, Redfield, Edward Kennedy among them. There is always something fresh and alive about his serious portraiture. He takes a painter's holiday in these informal sketches of the lowly folk of the South. Their postures are familiar, they are anecdotes the words of which can be easily supplied. Some of Mr. Adams' titles add entertainment: Little Lily, the blackest baby, is being displayed to a caller by her proud mother; Sho Nuff! shows a luscious piece of gossip in transit; Mouthing he calls (as do they) the sketch of two women who have stopped their work for an argument. Sunbonnets, turbans, sunshine and bright colors, skins black, brown and coffee-colored make of these delightful as well as humanly appealing water colors.

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RIGHT: LOUISIANA;
BELOW: COURTING
AND IN NEW ORLEANS

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Of Salt, and of Opium

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

THE Declaration of Independence understated it. From "consent of the governed" governments derive not only their "just powers," but any power at all. For a time, sometimes a very long time, authority can be maintained by force; the consent may be unwilling and rendered sullenly through raw fear, but in the last analysis a people can overthrow the rule. The right of revolution is fundamental and inalienable; it may slumber and be long forgotten, but it abides. Sometimes a very small thing may be the symbol of awakening. In a sense, Tea was our symbol; a local riot, known as the Boston Tea-Party, signalized the beginning of the end of British rule in the American colonies. So may salt be India's symbol, and a petty affair of distilling it out of sea-water go down in history as the particular occasion. The parallel is appealing.

This may blow by; India may settle down again into its relative quiet under the British rule. That seems likely. Its people are very far from united in the effort of which Gandhi's "non-violent" rebellion is the present expression; but things never can be the same again. And it may be that London will be forced at last to recognize that the old conditions are gone. British commercial interests are suffering fiercely from the turmoil. But it is a commonplace of history that Imperialism never learns voluntarily; it lets go only when its fingers are burning off. These states might still have been a British outland had the English government been able to recognize the day of its visitation. Anytime in the past century Great Britain might have had a pacified and loyal Ireland; always its dominating group fished behind the net, willing to do today what would have been sufficient a decade ago but was now too late. So she lost the American colonies; so she has lost Ireland and Egypt; so in all probability she is losing India. None can foresee when or how it will happen, nor what terrible days must be survived meanwhile nor what form the separation and the aftermath will take. Even yet the situation could be saved, but it is hard to believe that wisdom and conciliation can find the practical ways.

THE Japanese, and other nations too, understand and fear the tremendous power of the Chinese boycott. It is infinitely more terrible and more effective than any armed resistance. He that takes the sword may perish by the sword; but the sword-man is helpless before the grim power of "non-participation." That is what the British face now in India. Local officials upon whom the government depended for the collection of taxes and the conduct of all public functions are resigning by scores, and parties of armed police and troops find themselves faced, not by forcible resistance but by hunger. Villagers refuse them even a rope to draw water from the wells. Shop-keepers will not sell them anything. The boycott of British-made goods spreads ominously. Even when it comes to prosecuting lawbreakers for offenses committed in the presence of great crowds, none of the eye-witnesses will testify. India is getting into the posture of a hitherto docile horse that has lain down in the road and will not get upon his feet, much less pull any load. Beating him only makes it worse. When a whole people goes on strike they can have anything they like. The question now is, how much further the thing will go. Naturally there is violence, in spots, and people are being killed; but that is not the point. Thousands, or even hundreds of thousands, could be butchered in sporadic instances; but India's population is nearly 320,000,000 ruled by a handful of foreigners. That rule would stop instantly if the native troops should refuse. As I remarked in these pages a short time ago, the only thing certain about India's immediate future is trouble. It seems to be fomenting faster and farther than I thought possible.

UNDERLYING all this uproar is the grim fact that the East has reached the point of rebellion against "civilized" domination. The so-called white race has played its hand out, so far as concerns forcible exploitation of the "inferior" races. The slogan, "the only thing these people understand is force," so glibly on the tongues of military and naval men during all the time since Europe first began to invade the East is now turned the other way about. China, Japan, India, and the rest are saying exactly that about "us." They all differ greatly among themselves; divisions of religion, caste, language, customs, and all the minor conflicts of interest are inconceivably intricate among them; but upon one subject they can and will unite—hatred of these western foreigners who so long have had them underfoot. The hatred is intensely embittered by the white man's notion that he is somehow of superior stuff. He has that idea all to himself. Besides, upon his own theory, loudly proclaimed from time to time, "survival of the fittest" is the test, and we do not know, yet, which of the races is going to survive in the long run. The only claim to superiority that we could make with a good face would be that ours was the superior ethical principle, and we haven't exemplified that to any extent worth mentioning in our dealings with other races. Indeed, the Christianity about which we prate so much and do so little is not in the least a "white" invention. Yet it must be our only effective weapon, and it is high time some color of it crept into our relations with our brethren of other skin-pigments. Hitherto what they have learned of us chiefly is that "force is the only thing they understand."

IN the Geneva opium conference of 1925, a brave little man stood up and declared, casually and inadvertently, that there was "no one there to represent *the people* of India." Inasmuch as at least three delegates at that moment present bore credentials from the India Government there was an instant explosion. Sir John Campbell—though he was not yet a "sir" at that speaking—stood up wrathfully resenting that allusion, and the brave little man withdrew it, even though what he said was literally true. The Reverend Edward J. Dukes it was who said it, and he was so tremendously concerned about breaking the control of opium upon India that he had no strength to fight about words. For fifty-six years he has been fighting that devil, and has just pronounced his *Nunc Dimittis,* retiring from the secretaryship of the British Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade. If there be a divine record of brave achievement, this little man Dukes must stand high therein. In the course of his farewell message, compelled by failing health, published in the final issue of the British Bulletin of the Society, he points in a quietly triumphant note to the great advance that has been made in the education of public sentiment during the lifetime of the society since 1874:

> It has been a romance of Christian faith and effort. Those of us who recall the perverted mentality of (*Continued on page* 328)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Gone Talkie

I AM casual about the cinema. It is not for me (as Punch says) the *cine qua non*. I prefer other forms of narcosis. But as Fate seats me in the silver darkness on occasion—between trains at stop-overs or while the car is in its beauty parlor or after calls at the hospital, I have an open, if not full, mind. Such rare visits reveal portents that escape the devotee: as an amateur I am convinced that the upsurge of the talkie is not a phenomenon for snobbish disapproval. The people cannot be so unanimously wrong.

They certainly know what amuses them. The talkies do. The gorgeous screen revue with its melange of music, girls, vaudeville, and magnificence, is a success; more and more it will provide the people, from cross-roads or Main Street, with a splendid and innocuous entertainment, the like of which "the road" rarely afforded and never at popular prices. Indeed, "the road," already a lane, is becoming a cow-path. Vaudeville is vanishing; only the Palace in New York now offers pure vaudeville. But the best acts are on the screen: the best dancers; excellent music; and they lose little by their translation. How can you compare the visual (and presently I hope) aural pleasure from a show where everybody sees the million-dollar all-star premiere with the brummagen of the road company? Consider King of Jazz wherein you hear Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and George Gershwin play the Blue Symphony; where the bride's dresses in one scene cost $20,000; where the settings are a miracle of ingenuity, swirl, and glitter; where John Murray Anderson marshals the vast resources of the screen with a scenario and photography that are sometimes touched with beauty and imagination. And the sensuous charm of color is now added by the technicolor process—and for the first time I think with esthetic success. The raw reds and greens have blended into pastels and golds and warm flesh tone that if not life-like are rich within the screen's conventions. And conventions make the arts. Critics may say the music is not true in tone, that drama is lacking and spiritual significance, that opulent glitter is wearisome to our avid senses. But when has this pagan age objected to absence of meaning or the presence of opulent glitter? The people like their circuses.

The talkie play has, of course, been ridiculous, its heroics fustian, and its love sacrilegious. But now the impresarios are discovering their field, and strangely enough in the intellect, not the emotions. The talkie *can* do intricate detective stories and brittle comedy. I had a pleasant evening at The Man from Blankley's, a simple-minded farce-comedy by F. Anstey, of the kind the English do so well. Here is the mistaken identity plot, underlined caricatures, amusing dialog, and first-rate acting. John Barrymore proves that the talkies need excellent actors, with convincing gesture, mobile masks, and civilized voices. The talkies register best with a blend of the comic spirit and hearty horse-play. They must admit their clear limitations, and I suspect, eschew the deeper emotions and spiritual fervors. Their true appeal is to the senses or to the common-sense that delights in recognition, smart verbiage, and paradox. Congreve might do in the talkies . . . pardon me, censors, you are always in the way!

For instance, credible rumor hath George Bernard Shaw going talkie. There be those who say he was always talkie; but at least he resisted the persuasive munificence of the silent screen. Now his infinite bearded wisdom of the theater comes to recognize that his own plays are peculiarly fitted to the new medium. What are they but intellectual crisscross, horse-play, dialog fireworks, and even spectacle? If I am right he may find new immortality on the screen. What a grand goulash of foolery and colorful show Arms and the Man will prove and what a gorgeous spectacle in the flapper vein Hollywood can make out of Caesar and Cleopatra!

The essence of the cinema is in photography, and its novel contributions to art will come through photography. But we have forgotten that, and been sadly imitative, going to the drama and dance for models. That explains why we have neglected the resources of the camera for fantasy, the form in which the screen can claim an original and unique superiority. I am thinking of my own joy (and the average audience's joy) from the animated cartoons. These cartoons were always high-spots: now, with color and sound, they are mad, gay, tickling, and new under the sun. The coming of rhythm into these grotesqueries has worked miracles. Animals, caricatures of humans, and inhumans dance through dream-like adventures; they swell and shrink, turn inside out, swaller therselves, explode, reintegrate, multiply, and vanish. We escape from Time and Space and move unbound in the Fourth Dimension. Here is Professor Einstein's universe, pirouetting in and out of gravity, teaching us to think in new ways and realize new experiences. It's great to thumb one's nose at Gravity. Talk about literature of escape—here is Escape! to see giant flora and submarine fauna, skeletons, fish, serpents, in water or air, play phantasmagorial comedies and tragedies, perfectly meaningless and perfectly amusing.

IT would be odd if the Machine Age wherein the scientific cast of mind has made us all realists were to rediscover in this machine a superlative kind of fantasy. The camera can perform tricks that we have never seen before. The artists in line and sound can do anything on earth or off the earth. They have quietly been doing new things with charm, imagination, and even satire and philosophy, playing with a new medium (so all arts are born) and having a grand time which happily they are sharing with us. I anticipate gorgeous creations in this brand new form of human playfulness, the fable and fairy folklore of the modern age.

In the realm of social meanings the talkies continue the inane and irritating record of the silent cinema. They appear to hold the menace of a new and insidious kind of propaganda, but I doubt whether they get very far, for good or evil. The commercial "problem film" is cowardly and false—all reality cut out by the fear of a censorship that has to fit millions of people. I was outraged at a feature film that posed the problem of marriage between an American girl and a California Chinese boy. Here was a chance for serious discussion on the screen. The solution was the last-minute revelation that the hero was

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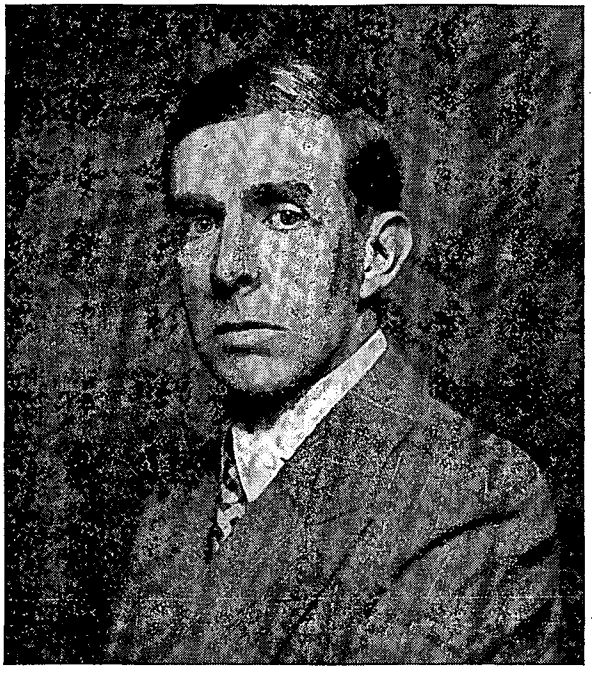
not Chinese, but the foundling son of true Nordics. Mental stultification can go no farther.

The propagandists have rushed into the news reel like locusts. In one hour, I saw-heard, Nicholas Butler talk on world peace, Secretary Stimson defend the London Naval Parley, and Katherine Mayo declare that British rule is the salvation of India. Next day I heard Madame Sarajini Naidu, poet-lieutenant of Gandhi, explain Indian nationalism. What can the people get from such confusion? The audiences seemed to remain admirably resistant to the three-minute capsules of doctrine. "A plague on both your houses. It's a lot of boloney," sums their sentiments. Propaganda on the screen by speeches labels itself so clearly not even the dumb are fooled. Anyhow they came to play, not pray.

Imported messages are better done and better thought, but they receive small circulation. Turksib, a Russian epical panegyric of how the Soviets built a railroad into Turkestan in record-breaking time, will appear only at the little theaters. This film makes thrilling stuff out of mass movements and the conquest of Nature, without any pallid love interest. Their art has folk-roots and enthusiasm and masterly photography, blended into symphonic form: and they are not content to be mere entertainers. But can they excite us by glorifying the American tractor? We have licked our continent and are in the sad stage of asking: "Where do we go from here?" The Russians give no clear answer.



William Bolitho, international journalist and author, who died on June 2 at Avignon, France

High Treason, an English peace film, was promptly barred for uncertain reasons by the censors of New York and Pennsylvania. The National Board of Review, with righteous anger and fine courage, protested and held meetings at which the film was shown. The producers have appealed from the ban to the Commissioner of Education in New York. Such resistance against the censorship deserves every support. We should be free to discuss anything on the screen even when, as here, the picture is not remarkable for illumination. The photography was sparkling and the action full of symbolic melodrama. But the solution came when the leader of the Peace Union shot the President of the States of Europe just as this gentleman was about to broadcast a declaration of war by television. That, I submit, is not very helpful to sound thought on wars that are now the resultants of economic and social forces that cannot be symbolized by single human figures. The most telling parts were ghastly scenes of death by drowning in the sub-Channel tunnel and in the bombed Peace Palace. Here one glimpsed the true horrors of modern warfare. But as the populace would resent such realism as terrible (*if* the populace ever went to it, *if* any company ever distributed it), and as one of the protestants declared these scenes were sadistic, the whole issue remains cloudy. We must, nonetheless, congratulate the Board of Review on its fight for freedom of the screen.

In sum, the talkie is a confused portent, certainly full of potential achievements, but as yet experimental and uncertain. It is improving in mechanics and content, but its very conventions and sources of supply are still undetermined. It will surely be an important purveyor of that popular and often beautiful entertainment, this age craves more and more. Propagandists will probably master some of its powers for education or hypnosis of the mass-mind. The theater will suffer in some ways from its inroads. But behind all these facts remains the question: Can the true glory, color, meaning, and passion of life be cast upon the screen? Is there not some electronic influence carried across the footlights of the intimate theater from the flesh and the spirits of living actors that by physics of psychics is forever forbidden to the screen? I think so, and have no fear that the stage drama of character, emotion, and the struggle of spirits, will ever be overwhelmed. Rather, the talkie by taking over some of the entertainment task may release it for those noble and beautiful undertakings that have through the ages made the theater akin to the Church.

LEON WHIPPLE

Psychographs of Nations

ENGLAND: ITS CHARACTER AND GENIUS, *by Wilhelm Dibelius. Harper's. 569 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

FRANCE: A NATION OF PATRIOTS, *by Carlton J. H. Hayes. Columbia University Press. 487 pp. Price $4.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

DR. DIBELIUS, a Berlin professor, conceived the idea during the War of depicting English "character and genius" for the German public, who were fighting an enemy whom they did not know. The book appeared in 1922 and met with such success that the fifth edition is now offered to English and American readers. In some quarters this work has already been compared to those of Bryce and de Tocqueville. That indeed is high praise which only time can substantiate. England differs from them and particularly from Bryce in that it makes no serious contribution to the understanding of political institutions. It is primarily an interpretation of a culture, or as we should say a civilization, and institutions are described for the purpose of illustrating that civilization. It is a most admirably constructed picture of England. Written by a German for Germans, it will nevertheless prove equally enlightening for Englishmen and Americans. Indeed, nothing can be of greater value for a nation, comfortably satisfied with its own view of itself, than to have a penetrating analysis made by a capable outsider. It will be instructive for Englishmen to see how others regard their "hypocrisy," how that "grotesque perversion of history" is handled—that Britain brought liberty to other nations and that a voluntary bond holds the Empire together. It will be of value to Americans on account of its balanced insight into a society which has so much in common with their own that one might almost say they see England with English eyes. For it is inevitably the case that such American criticism which is not English in origin is based largely upon superficial differences which provoke reverence or irritation. Moreover, scattered through the book are estimates of America, chiefly to point it out as "an England without the strong influence of a deep-rooted aristocratic tradition," and in which the raw, crude virtues and vices of England are left in bitter conflict.

One of the most suggestive parts of the book is the analysis of national characteristics, a topic on which so much unmitigated "bunk" has been written. Dibelius himself is not without fault in part. Why must he drag in the "Lower Saxon and Frisian

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ain" at least twenty times in the book? As we know noth- g of the Lower Saxon peasant of fourteen hundred years ago can hardly be a helful characterization. Putting aside, then, e analysis of "soul" and the inherent qualities of the race, our thor is extremely illuminating when dealing with ideas and als and the institutions they produce. His portrait of Eng- h conduct as a contest between the ethics of chivalry, gentle- anliness, and the practical will is very interesting. And the scussions of uniformity of type, interaction of religion and pitalism, education and law are such as no social psychologist n afford to miss, and with which the educated man ought to familiar.

O turn from Dibelius' England to Hayes' France is dis- appointing. One should really not hope, and certainly not pect, such another mine of information as is presented by ibelius. Yet at the same time one might expect better from rofessor Hayes than the present volume which is distinctly low his best level. The preface informs us that the purpose a scientic description of "what French national psychology is id how it is communicated." This is interpreted strictly as e psychology of nationalism, and accordingly the chapters fol- w in succession on the influence of bureaucracy, schools, con- ripted army, church, press and so on, in producing a patriotic renchman. Special chapters are devoted to Alsace-Lorraine, to egionalism and to internationalism. Two large appendices immarize a large number of typical history and civics school xts, and tabulate the important newspapers of France and eir affiliations.

H. McD. Clokie

utgers University

The Story of Bull and Bear

HISTORY OF FINANCIAL SPECULATION, *by R. H. Mottram. Little Brown & Co. 317 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THOUGH Mr. Mottram writes on finance from the view- point of a London domicile, he gives the United States its ull share of attention. We may see ourselves in the book as hers see us, or, at least, as one Englishman sees us. He writes oth soundly and with felicity of expression. To make the point iat, though speculation in general is as old as man's beginning take thought of the morrow, financial speculation is a com- aratively modern phenomenon, he calls attention to the failure f Dr. Johnson to recognize in his dictionary the commonest odern meaning of the word. The learned Doctor showed iat he was aware of the existence of speculation in securities, owever, by his familiar definition of a stock-jobber, which Mr. Mottram quotes, as "a low wretch who gets money by buying nd selling shares in the funds." Dictionaries are no longer the nished product, but only the raw material for literature.

Let no one get the impression that this History of Financial peculation is a light essay for casual entertainment. It is a erious work on economics written for deliberate, thoughtful, ut happily agreeable reading. The scope of the subject offers ie chief difficulty in presentation. To express his purpose the uthor might have paraphrased another sentence from the Doctor:

> Let observation with extensive view
> Survey mankind from China to Peru

-and over a time period of some centuries.

Mr. Mottram justifiably enough entitles the work a history. fter a start from earlier historical observation it does follow ie course of financial speculation from the Mississippi Scheme d the South Sea Bubble all the way through financial events fter the World War. Yet the book is far less essentially a arrative than an economic essay in which the historical form substantially a method of presentation.

With all the seriousness of the subject, and all the serious- ess of Mr. Mottram about it, he has written a book infused with literary quality. Indicating the advance of the stock-broker to respectability since the Johnsonian era he remarks on the change in the eighteen-nineties: "The fashionable drawings of DeMaurier now show him as a somewhat fast and as yet un- titled, but by no means ostracised, member of that society which centers in the west of London." To picture the shift in the control of enterprise to the joint stock companies the author writes from the text of Gilbert's Utopia Limited. Of this period he says: "The vitality of England lay in the successful merchant classes of London and their provincial imitators, who were just changing from the Dombeys and Newcomes of an earlier day to the Forsytes of Mr. Galsworthy." Of the same date he also says: "There emerged for the first time, in any considerable force the aspiration of the most primitive of all speculators, the attempt of the docile British working-man to raise the price of his labor." The turn of phrase is constantly so pungent that it is hard to resist the temptation to quote. Let's say with Jefferson's Rip that this one doesn't count: Speak- ing of a decline in brewery shares he mentions as one of the reasons the passing of "the minor localized boom caused by the South African War which mobilized the best drinkers into a more concentrated market."

This review makes no attempt to present the argument. To put it in the form of a summary would be difficult. The sub- ject might easily have sunk a less skillful writer into abysmal dullness. Mr. Mottram lifts it up. And nearly two score well chosen illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book.

New York City

Hastings Lyon

Germany Resurgent

THE MAKING OF THE NEW GERMANY: *The Memoirs of Philipp Scheidemann. Translation by J. E. Mitchell. 2 vols., 368 and 373 pp. Appleton. $10 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

GERMANY'S DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN POLICIES. *Lectures before the Williamstown Institute, 1928. By Dr. Otto Hoetzsch. 166 pp. Yale University Press. $1.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE RECOVERY OF GERMANY, *by James W. Angell. Published for the Council on Foreign Relations by Yale University Press. 425 pp. $4 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE NEW EDUCATION IN THE GERMAN REPUBLIC, *by Thomas Alexander and Beryl Parker. 387 pp. John Day. $4 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

STRESEMANN, THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN, *by Rochus, Baron von Rheinbaben. Translated by Cyrus Brooks and Hans Herzl. 322 pp. Appleton. $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

MEET THE GERMANS, *by Henry Albert Phillips. 346 pp. Lippincott. $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

HERE'S a rather remarkable crosssection for you; its pub- lication further indicating the subsidence of the hate- psychoses conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity, which ten years of horror and propaganda set up in the minds of 99.9 per cent of us.

It was high time we heard from Scheidemann. He was one of the group of majority Socialists important both during and immediately after the war—even if not so exclusively impor- tant as his memoirs would lead you to suppose. He voted for the government war-credits; he was one of those most bitterly assailed by the extreme radicals. But he was associated with Erzberger in the famous peace-without-indemnities resolution of July, 1917. Throughout his somewhat stormy political career he was pretty fearless and independent. It was he, a member of the last Imperial Cabinet, headed by Prince Max of Baden, who on November 9, 1918, from a window of the Reichstag proclaimed the Republic, and he was one of the three Socialists who next day formed the provisional government. He resigned from the peace delegation at Versailles when the German gov- ernment decided to sign the forced acknowledgment of exclusive war-guilt.

Think and say what you like, as your state of mind and ex- tent of knowledge of what you are talking about may inspire; this is an enlightening story, as stirring in many ways as a Graustark tale. When you have finished it you will know one of the really great figures in the Germany of the war, exceed- ingly human and self-appreciating; exasperatingly given to

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underestimating associates quite as important as himself. And you will have made progress toward a sane appraisal of the German people.

A soberer tale, less colorful and less dramatic; but more informing for those who want to understand what is going on in the thought and life of the Germany of ten years after, is that of Dr. Otto Hoetzsch, whom I know to be one of the sanest, most profoundly informed, most constructive and sweetest-spirited of the German scholars active in present-day political life—he is one of the leaders in the late Dr. Stresemann's National People's Party. This is a small but very human, illuminating and engaging discussion; compilation of the lectures which Dr. Hoetzsch delivered at Williamstown two years ago. It is in its good-tempered and idealistic spirit twin to Dr. Ernst Jaeckh's The New Germany, but goes much farther down into the region of brass tacks.

Professor Angell's study of the recovery of Germany from its collapse leaves nothing to be desired as to its thoroughness, its scholarly approach, its objectiveness of treatment. Every student of the world's economic condition, whether or not especially interested in Germany, will have to know this work. It confirms my own judgment of Germany's essential economic stability and astonishing progress; makes clear the dangers and weaknesses still to be overcome; indicates that under existing conditions internal and especially external, the haven of freedom and real prosperity, while surely attainable in the long run, is still below the horizon. He keenly perceives that Germany's internal burden has been psychological as much as economic—"the natural outgrowth of resentment against any system of control, however well administered, that lies in foreign hands." Especially valuable is Professor Angell's appraisal of the Young Plan and its effects upon the future. "The road marked out for Germany through the coming decades is not easy, but it is a road that climbs steadily upward, and at its end lies the prize of assured national strength and prosperity."

PERMANENTLY valuable is the description by Professor Alexander and Miss Parker of the German scheme for national education. The work is competently done; Professor Alexander is in Teachers' College at Columbia University, and Miss Parker is a supervisor in the public schools of Norfolk, Virginia. It is the first adequate description in English of the tremendous and progressive educational program by which the German Republic means to integrate national education and the new democracy. The title, while literally accurate and entirely justified by the subject-matter, may be nevertheless misleading because implying a color of accomplishment whereas the situation actually is as yet in the nature of aspiration.

The fact is that education in Germany, as everywhere else in Europe for that matter, is still under the curse of the old German theory that the business of the school is to turn out a standardized product, docile and available for the purpose of an autocratic state. The professor-caste, always the last to respond to new ideas, is still on its throne, though there are signs that the throne has begun to wobble. It is quite true that the new spirit is moving on the face of the waters; considerable ripples are visible in spots, and this book assuredly makes the most of them. A generation from now education in Germany perhaps will have caught up generally with this enthusiastic description. But I do believe that it considerably over-estimates the progress that actually has been made. One may well envy these authors their achievement in producing a book which, far from being, as most scholarly books are, out of date when published, stands so good a chance of long life because the truth is certain to catch up with it.

The von Rheinbaben story of Stresemann is beyond a doubt accurate and authoritative; but it is a political rather than a human story. In it you see clearly enough and with full appreciation, the outside of an unusual and extremely effective political official rather than the inside of an extraordinary man. There is still to be written a satisfactory *life*—even in a brief book like this—of the lion-hearted fighter who fought on with death written on his forehead and died in the harness; the patient gentleman who, without rancor, carried on through the disheartening circumstances of Germany's entry into the League of Nations; the gallant human figure of Thoiry and Locarno.

Henry Albert Phillips knows how to travel joyously. A map of his journeying along many unusual ways and into many corners of Germany little known to tourists—especially to American tourists—certifies that he saw much and made the most of it. Phillips takes pains; he is not satisfied with guide books, the names of places and buildings and all that superficial clutter gathered by most tourists, who gad about empty-headed and come home no better furnished. Phillips went far and dug below the surfaces, even if not always deeply. Regardless of tastes, point of view, and incidental opinions, I call this extraordinarily intelligent traveling; the results are worth the price. With this book and Dr. Hoetzsch's (mentioned above) one starting to tour present-day Germany would have a better background by far than most travelers possess.

JOHN PALMER GAVIT

The God of Science

SCIENCE AND THE NEW CIVILIZATION, *by Robert A. Millikan. Scribner's. 194 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IN years long past when Professor Millikan corrected my blunders in the physics laboratory, I profited by his ability to simplify a scientific problem for popular understanding. Today when he is recognized as a scientist of first rank and an educator of world-wide influence, his latest compilation of addresses to a "general, rather than a scientific audience," may duplicate for a host of readers my exciting experiences.

In the chapter on Available Energy is a typical discussion of his "recent experimental work on cosmic rays," which has "just thrown a flood of light on the processes going on in the universe in which we live." Let the lay reader flounder courageously through casual references to such enigmas as Einstein's equation and Aston's curve. Let him move blind but trusting through a discussion of formulae showing "the theoretical values of the absorption coefficients." Dr. Millikan knows where he is going and he must pay due deference to his own passion for the scientific method by at least carrying his readers over the places where they cannot see the road. And suddenly in the spotlight of a vivid phrase he will reveal the achievement which they can admire and understand:

"The observed cosmic rays are in fact the birth cries of the infant atoms of helium, oxygen and silicon. We have some little indications that we can also hear the shriller birth squeaks of infant iron, though this is a little more uncertain."

With all his learning Dr. Millikan is a good exemplar of his own definition that "men of real knowledge and understanding . . . are always both humble and reverent." Would that a host of self-made and self-satisfied captains of industry and politics might learn from this pure scientist that "fulness of knowledge always and necessarily means some understanding of the depths of our ignorance"!

With Dr. Millikan as a leader of public opinion, I have only one quarrel. It seems to me that in his enthusiasm for physical science he underestimates the importance and potentialities of social science. "Physical knowledge is social knowledge," he stoutly maintains. Beguiled by this half-truth and observing that "social science today is still lacking in the fundamental groundwork of knowledge," Dr. Millikan does not show his normal scientific reserve in discussing social problems. On the contrary, this careful physical scientist refers quite carelessly to the *"facts* of free will and responsibility," and to the "practical freedom of choice which each individual *knows* he has." Yet these "facts" are only dubious assumptions and each individual "knows" practically nothing about his "freedom of choice."

If I, as a verdant social scientist, happened to remark that everyone "knows" he cannot see through an opaque substance Dr. Millikan with his exact knowledge of X-rays would hasten to correct me. May I not therefore humbly insist that Dr. Millikan's religion must rest—as does my own—upon pure faith in the Unknown but not upon an unscientific assumption that we have any "freedom of choice." From personal prejudice I *hope* that an area of free-will may yet be charted. But I know that up to date only vast areas of compulsion have been

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plored. All of which fortifies Dr. Millikan's postulate that he idea that has made modern Science" and is "unquestionably e foundation of modern civilization" is that God is not a ing of caprice or whim but is "a God who rules through law." Recognizing the value of Dr. Millikan's leadership in public inion, I offer an earnest prayer that he will not, like many his colleagues, become obsessed with physical achievement, ll not refuse to see that physical science is steadily creating more uncontrollable, irresponsible world, will not rely on ith, hope and divine charity to prevent catastrophe, but will llow through his own conclusion that "God rules through w" and, instead of scorning, will give aid and comfort to so- al scientists who seek to isolate the sources of human "se- ctive" powers. Thus may be developed the individual and cial standards and controls necessary for intelligent direction the vastly increased physical powers of mankind.

hicago DONALD RICHBERG

The Happy Farmer

)WN IN THE VALLEY, by H. W. Freeman. Henry Holt & Co. 321 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

MR. FREEMAN, whose first novel, Joseph and His Brethren, portrayed the life of Sussex farmers with a clear, romantic penetration, has returned to the land for his second vel, Down in the Valley. The mood has changed. The bleak, an-killing, blighted farm with its hard-working, inarticulate en and women is forgotten. Mr. Freeman has found another, ore mellow, and more fragrant corner of Sussex, where life easier; it is almost Goldsmith's sweet Auburn, an unexpected ift in perspective. In the first book, Mr. Freeman presented en of the soil tilling a cranky farm. Although he wrote of ssex, American readers were reminded of high barren farms New England. This time he presents the life in a charming lage that is prosperous, unspoiled by the ugly standardiza- on of modern civilization, and he portrays the life there as en by a city dweller who buys a week-end cottage. Again, r Americans, Mr. Freeman might be writing of New Eng- nd—of some small, fairly prosperous village that has retained uch of the charm of its past, and its people their originality character, as seen by the New York week-ender or summer ck-to-the-land "farmer."

Everard Mulliver, in his middle thirties, prosperous through inherited grocery business that is efficiently run by others, has en bored by life ever since the war; he has found no reality, easant or unpleasant, to take the place of that experience. He s lived a dull routine of days, his only diversions the reading the contemplative poets and working his beautiful garden. e had once wanted to be a farmer, but his family had snorted that. He sets out at the opening of the story, to get drunk. it in driving to a desirably distant pub, he is fascinated by a urch tower and drives up a hilly, dreadful road to reach it, d finds a remote, Tudor village without even a gas-tank.

He buys a cottage and spends his week-ends there, and later ls his business to a chain-store syndicate and turns farmer earnest after he has merged his life with that of the villagers. ulliver's money helps his partner, old Bob Kindred of Vale rm, to prosper; land can be drained, and herds improved and larged; money makes much of the environmental difference tween Down in the Valley and Joseph and His Brethren. ulliver is soon the center of the village life, and is involved th two women—Laura Quainton, his housekeeper, whose hus- nd is a villain, and Ruthie Gathercole; his affair with Ruth is inely written idyll.

Down in the Valley is very pleasant reading, and in its way true a picture as its predecessor; to the outsider who has ne for a change, village life is like that, and in village life re is much that is pleasant if the people are interesting and dly; and they sometimes are, modern novelists to the con- ry.

If Mr. Freeman's first book may be said to be a bleak land- pe by J. J. Lankes, his second is a sun-lit village street and een drawn by Childe Hassam. COLEY TAYLOR

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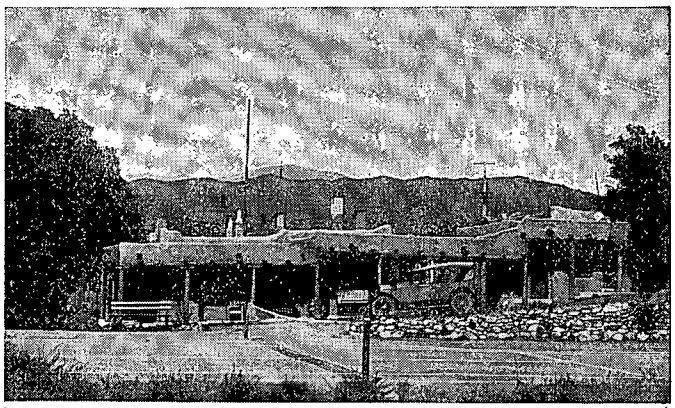
Traveler's Notebook



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Vacation Suggestions: Scandinavia

TO some Scandinavia means Denmark, Norway and Swe—three countries stuck away up near the Arctic Oce and made up mostly of mountains and waterways. To oth it is the scene of Hamlet; the land of Ibsen and Peer Gynt, Knut Hamsun and the Growth of the Soil, of Selma Lage and Gösta Berling, of Sigrid Undset and Kristin Lavransdatt the birthplace of Jennie Lind, Hans Christian Andersen, Th waldsen, Jacob Riis. Again, to some it is the forefront of ad education; of an enterprising farming people who are mak their rapid modern progress more slowly, less spectacularly, a thus perhaps more securely, and satisfactorily.

But that inveterate traveler, Harry A. Franck, all but g graphically moves these countries, and Lapland, Finland a Iceland to boot, down closer, in his interesting and inform book, A Scandinavian Summer.[1] Far from an academic the you find yourself quite by chance meeting these people on t social, economic and political highways and byways; and cat ing such intimate glimpses of them as to forever after associa for instance, the Swedes with food, and the Danes with bicyc As Mr. Franck puts it, "Their Viking capacity implies a spe stomach, developed by centuries of training. Every meal like a banquet of the old baronial days, resembles the fea of those Arab chieftains who pride themselves on eating a sh at a sitting. . . . The constant sailing through the air solemn-faced people on bicycles—high-hatted ministers of church, frock-tailed ministers of the Government, haug ladies in limousine garb, stodgy old ladies from the coun waiters in full dress, irrespective of the hour of the day—is of the principal sights of Denmark. . . ."

In addition to its intrinsic appeal, Scandinavia has sev events coming off this summer. The land of the midnight will celebrate (July 27—August 4) with church festivit pageants and exhibits the 900 years since King Olav Haralds (St. Olav) fell at the Battle of Stiklestad, near Nidaros, in attempt to Christianize Norway. And Stockholm, Sweden holding a large industrial arts exhibition—till September.

JANET SABLOF

From the Far East

"I HAVE come home after a busy day of considering w is to be done about a young Abyssinian boy and girl have been left on our hands, of arranging help for a girl thre ened with tuberculosis, of considering plans for a vocational c ference for highschool girls, of personnel changes involving d cult adjustments, and also the preparation of a publicity fol for our educational classes from typewriting to flower arra ment, as well as the countless other things that make wor Yokohama the same as that in Kalamazoo, and have found Midmonthly Survey. I read it through, every inch of it, feel impelled to tell you how fine it is, and how inspiring us who live where some of these fine things are going to h pen sometime in the future, though only the seeds are h now. . . . The death-rate here is tremendous, and among the girls in the Y.W.C.A. the number of deaths is appall But the government has just appointed a special committe consider means for improving the health of the nation, and tackle this problem. And this country does do things thoroug This city of Yokohama that I saw a flat wide desolation

[1] A SCANDINAVIAN SUMMER, *by Harry A. Franck. Century. pp. Price* $4.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

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years ago, is now a beautiful metropolis, with lovely parks, wide streets and fine buildings—including a municipal tuberculosis hospital (free) and four social centers managed by the city, as well as countless other beautiful things. Come and see! (Do you know there is tourist cabin now on the Pacific for only $125?)

"We went to Peking last summer and were impressed with the contrast to Japan's cleanliness and order. There was confusion, dust, and decay, and yet withal a sense of the past wonders of beauty and power that were here, and an insistent hope that some magic would sweep away this spell and allow this nation to show its genius, that is captured and held in the art and history of days gone by. In Japan there is law and order and restraint; here there is refreshing naturalness—such noisy joy and such vigorous sorrow, such lack of ceremonial dignity. A funeral loiters along the street and the bearers stop to eat and drink at the street stalls, leaving the paper horses or furniture that are to accompany the deceased to his heavenly home, propped against a tree, or on the ground.

"One morning when we were all set for Lantern, Embroidery, Silver and Jade Streets, we were greeted by Willard Lyon of the Shanghai Y.M.C.A. who asked us if we wanted to visit a model prison. We shifted emphasis, and had again that sense that China can do it—for here is a model prison founded by one of the five men sent by the Emperor a few years before the revolution, to observe foreign countries. The prison he founded serves as a model for the 39 others in China.

"While we were in Peking we met Era Betzner, expert on drama and pageants of the Y.W.C.A. in America, who was out to put on an international pageant in Shanghai. She was looking at Peking with an artist's eye, with a keen scrutiny for effects.

"The capital has gone, the lovely legation quarter must somehow shift to Nanking (where they will not have utter and complete jurisdiction over their quarter), and great political and social changes must come to this yellow-tiled imperial city, and one hopes they will be for order and progress, however little that may be dreamed of in Chinese philosophy.

CAROLYN E. ALLEN (*Y.W.C.A., Yokohama, Japan*)

Homes Wanted

MOST people will agree that for foreign visitors to get an intimate sense of a country, they must live not at hotels, but in private households. But how many people are willing to play host and hostess is another matter, and one with which the International Student Committee of the Y.W.C.A. is immediately concerned; for they are in touch with young women from the Orient, Europe and Latin America who are studying in our eastern and middlewestern colleges and universities, and who would like to spend the summer vacation with American families. They would gladly help with the care of children, teach French or German, or tutor in grade and highschool subjects. For further information address Mrs. Hilda Howard Lawence, 203 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago; or Miss Olive L. Ling, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Warning

TO individual and independent travelers. It's all right taking pot luck in hotel accommodations and such if you "don't mind." But you will be altogether out of luck in "dropping in" on places during festival time. One Survey reader writes:

After browsing around most of last summer, we (two females) finally decided "to do" a few places; and in good Americanese, had "to make time." It was a matter of saving a day in travel and so we packed off for an eight something train bound for Munich, immediately after the performance of Jedermann in Salzburg. That meant getting into Munich at midnight. But of course we had the names of several first class hotels (we could afford to splurge for one night), and we would get into a cab, so there was nothing to worry about. Our spirits were high until—yes, it was the last day of a large athletic meet, or something, and the town was "sold out"! We tried to appear nonchalant locked in a railroad station with strange looking people (everything begins to seem strange at three in the morning with no prospect of a bed).

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LAY-OFF

(*Continued from page* 316)

remarked as he passed the letter to Backley.

Backley read the letter slowly. One paragraph stood out above the rest:

The recent extensive reduction of forces at the refinery has, of course, been a source of regret to all of us. It has meant cutting into the ranks of workers with long service and would have been avoided if possible. Under the circumstances, however, we feel that the lay-off has been completed very satisfactorily by your office. No complaints have reached us and I understand there has been little dissatisfaction at the refinery. We realize the difficulties which present themselves in completing an extensive lay-off, and we feel that you have met them in a very satisfactory manner.

"That sounds good doesn't it? Well, it's true. Golly, we spent a lot of time and worry on that proposition. It is good to have it appreciated."

"Yeh. It was a good job. It's all over, everybody seems to be happy, and the plant morale is high, considering everything. Now we can forget it and catch up on our regular work."

That same evening Nicholas Kochofski came home very tired and very discouraged. He found his neighbor, Aleck, near the door of his house.

"Where you work now?" was Aleck's greeting. "I catch job on docks."

"Me?" Nick raised his eyes slowly. "I work deeg ditch. Labor." And he trudged around to the back door, looking straight ahead, with a dull, sombre hopelessness quenching what was left of the fire within.

OF SALT, AND OF OPIUM

(*Continued from page* 320)

our people on the subject of the opium trade with China, carried on by the Indian Government and justified by the British public, can only rejoice that points of view which were accepted in the middle of the last century are today not merely impossible, but are regarded with amazed abhorrence. We have, by Divine grace, moved far in advance in moral perception since those days.

The president of the society, Sir Matthew Dodsworth, paying high tribute to Mr. Dukes, and lamenting the discontinuance of the Bulletin, presents "a challenge that may get home to some keen conscience and skilled mind, capable of maintaining an intelligence department where inquirers may obtain information that is accurate and up-to-date, until the day when Truth shall have driven this vice and its attendant falsehoods off the field." There is such an intelligence department, and Mr. Dukes has been cooperating with it—the Anti-Opium Information Bureau, headed by Mr. A. E. Blanco, at No. 8, Rue J. A. Gautier, Geneva. Already in these pages I have given unqualified endorsement to that agency and its devoted chief. His spirit and motives and those of Mr. Dukes, it is pleasant to record, assay very much alike.

THE Council of the League of Nations, awakened at last to the nature of the situation in the Opium Advisory Committee, has broken the grip of the Old Guard, irreverently described by some as "the Opium Bloc," upon that Committee. At this meeting in May, the Council added to that Committee a group of the "victim countries," quite sufficient to submerge the cabal which hitherto has dominated it. The new member-countries are Austria, Belgium, Egypt, Mexico, Poland, Spain, and Uruguay. Something depends upon the character of the persons whom those governments will select to represent them; but there can be no doubt that on the whole the Old Guard, though it has neither surrendered nor been killed, has been swamped.

(*Continued on page* 329)

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(*Continued from page* 328)

A good day's work, that; but the Council did still more—providing for an international conference to be held probably next December, to grapple with the question of further steps to limit the overwhelming production of narcotics. These governments will be invited to participate: Austria, Belgium, Canada, China, Egypt, Finland, France, Great Britain, Holland, Hungary, India, Italy, Jugoslavia, Mexico, Norway, Persia, Peru, Poland, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey, United States of America, Uruguay. Such a conference will have to confront the direct question of limitation of manufacture, which is the center and crux of the whole narcotic situation as it lies at present. Without that, all other moves are empty gestures.

THE problem is and for long will continue to be, an international one. Until there is substantial agreement and cooperation among the governments for the control of manufacture and of the international traffic all local measures will be futile. As things stand now, it is as impossible for one country to enforce prohibition of traffic in narcotics, even within its own territory, as it would be for one state in the United States to enforce it.

This is why Governor Roosevelt's proposed Narcotic Commission must be foredoomed to relatively little accomplishment beyond discovering how little it can do. Practically speaking, its best service might be to declare in favor of uniform state legislation, and summon an interstate conference to draft it. As things are now, a few states have fairly good laws, most of them have laws enacted a quarter-century or more ago and therefore obsolete. Taken altogether, the state legislation on this subject is a tattered patchwork about as effective as a mosquito-netting in a flood. This situation is not one calling for the patching or even the replacing of individual shingles in the leaking roof. There is a deluge. The problem is national, a business for Washington.

And Washington still sulks because of what happened at Geneva in 1925, when Mr. Porter took the American delegation out of the conference. Mr. Porter is still regarded in Washington as the authority about American policy in this business; several times he has expressed doubt about our government's participating again in any conference on this subject. Let us hope that he has changed his mind. Refusal of the United States to participate in this new conference would delight the Opium Devil more than any other news that he could hear.

CHERRY

(*Continued from page* 317)

upon Cherry's horizon. He was tall and muscular, with clear, pale brown skin, and gray eyes. He sure could work (when he wanted to show off before women-folk). At a hog-killin' or weddin' feast, he could out-dance, out-eat and drink all the other bucks. It was provoking that he had foolishly gone and married Ella, who waddled like a duck and was dumb enough to work hard all day to support Zach and their four piccaninnies. There were four more buried in a corner of the big field, but Ella considered that she had gotten off easy with the birthing of only eight chillun. How could she expect anything else? She and Zach had been bound together by a piece of paper at the county court house. For the first two or three years of married life, Zach had been a good enough man, then he became lazy and spent most of his days "restin'." Of course, he couldn't sit idle all the time, and he pleasured around some with the gals but not enough to give serious worry to good-natured Ella.

Cherry frankly liked Zach. He could say such funny things, and she was consumed with the desire to stroke and fondle his firm arms and broad shoulders. Her eyes delighted in the sight of the muscles rippling under his smooth amber skin. In the twilight he might almost pass for a white man. It was flattering to think that a yellow gal might cajole him into subjection.

Zach didn't need much coaxing for he, too, had felt a liking for Cherry. Soon they were (*Continued on page* 331)

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(*Continued from page* 329) tasting the sweets of passion, and the more they tasted, the bolder they became. They felt no compunction in slipping off from their work in the fields. Oftentimes they wandered about the country for days, begging a handful of victuals, or perhaps Cherry, with that musical voice of hers, would wheedle her way into the hearts of simple field hands and they would get a good handout to eat under the trees. At night they found shelter among the bushes or in deserted cabins. The rainy season drove them back to the home of Cherry's step-daddy where they appropriated the lean-to for their own. It made no difference that Ella lived but a few miles off, or that the landowner and his son both thrashed Cherry in the public road. Zach knew how to heal her welts.

Finally, community gossip and white folks' censure became too harsh, and in order to keep out of the guard house they had to leave F— County.

Zach carried Cherry straight to his daddy's. In a day or two the old fellow gave them a five-dollar bill and some rations, so that they might start to housekeeping in the little cabin next door on Science Alley. Zach was unaware of that wave of sickness which Cherry had experienced in the cotton field, but when the months rolled around and little Sapphire made her debut into this world, he considered her a fine chile. Surely any daddy might be proud of her.

Things went pretty well for a while. Zach worked on the railroad, and Cherry did day-work whenever she could find any. But as Zach's ardor cooled, he began to get mighty careless-like. He seldom stopped to toss fat little Sapphire in the air, almost never gave Cherry a dime or fifty-cent piece, but he never failed to growl and break up the furniture if there wasn't a pot of dinner simmering on the hearth. Zach was deaf to the deepened notes and richer rhythm of Cherry's voice (she was again heavy with child). He began to stay away for nights at a time.

Cherry's meditations were cut short by a stab of pain which held her rigid. Grimly it tore at her tired body, then left as unexpectedly as it came. She threw a shawl over Sapphire and, hurrying the child's lagging footsteps, went silently to a neighbor who carried them to the county hospital.

SAPPHIRE and Cherry, with tiny Opal on her arm, were cheerful and indolent from rest and an abundance of good food when they returned home to Science Alley. The neighbors were curious to see the little stranger, and for a month Cherry had no need to fend for a living. Neither did she bewail Zach's conspicuous absence. Thank goodness when she must bestir herself again the balmy weather had pushed firewood and clothing needs into the background. But work was difficult to find, and, when found, the babies were sure to sicken or get underfoot, and what could Cherry do? She began to listen to hints that Sapphire and Opal be "put away," but at first she half trusted that somebody over in F— County would relent and offer her shelter. Her old step-daddy, ragged and shaken by paralysis, could do no more than dip snuff and sit in the shade. His house was over-run by grown children and grands, but Cherry and her two could come if his "white folks" was willin'. Ella, Zach's wife, was serenely uninterested. She bore no grudge against the erring ones for Zach had recently spent a fortnight with her and brought a few clothes for his lawful offspring. Everyone else made a wry face or laughed outright when the names of Cherry and Zach were mentioned. They weren't wanted in F— County except by the sheriff.

Cherry clung to the nebulous hope that Dan's "white folks" would send for her. How she would work from early dawn till sundown! But she admitted to herself that it was doubtful she would ever get back on the plantation. Finally a letter strengthened the doubt into a fact:

Dear miss your letter to hand contents noted in regard to Cherry Brown will say old man Dan cant suport his present family they are half naked and porely fed i think it would be doing him an injustice to impose on him this way his own children are worthless and filling his house with bastards now he cant do nothing with them they work when they pleas he cant manage them and as to Cherry she braught on her own trouble and the good book sayes besure your sins will find you out, it will be wrong to put this Negro on old man Dan i think (*Continued on page* 333)

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(*Continued from page* 331) hope you can make some other disposition of her with kindnest regards i remain yours for what is right.

It was a hot, sunny day when Sapphire and Opal were carried to the Orphanage. Cherry had washed their few garments and both babies were clean as new pins. Sapphire's dark little face shone with soap and excitement from under her stiffly starched pink bonnet. Cherry was almost as excited and gay. She felt no qualms at taking Opal off the breast, but her spirits were dampened when it came time to bid farewell to Sapphire. Sapphire had always required so much nursing because of her frequent sick spells, and had only begun to toddle since the baby came. Cherry hesitated, blinded by tears. The bustling, white-aproned matron came to her rescue just in the nick of time. "You ain' got no man? Shoo, now! A peart gal like you kin git a husband easy. Jes' you drap these chaps here and go on off about you' business, gal." Cherry tore herself away.

Time went on. Cherry usually found excuses for not accepting offers of work. She was too busy to attend Sunday school and church socials yet she spent hours before the broken mirror experimenting with powder, rouge, and pomade to straighten the kinks in her hair. Then she disappeared.

ANOTHER springtime found Cherry at Henderson's Camp, comfortably settled with Arthur in a one-room hut near the quarry. She need do nothing except cook and scour and chat with the neighbor women. Once a week she kindled a fire under the wash-pot at the spring and spent half a day rubbing out a few pieces. She really looked forward to wash day. She liked to souse the clothes in the soapy water; her shapely brown hands made easy the task of rubbing and wringing. It seemed like she had more time to think down at the spring, and she could also give full vent to throaty carolings.

Sapphire loved to play in the water. It was good to hear her ecstatic gurgles and chuckles of delight. Yes, Sapphire was with her. Cherry couldn't help missing the babies. No amount of pleasuring seemed to make up for their absence. It was sobering to think of little Opal lying in the cold sand on a day like this. She would always believe that someone had conjured that little chap—such a strong, peart one, too.

Rain, nothing but rain. Rain. . . . The scent of wild plum blooms crowded the cabin as Cherry sullenly pushed open the wooden shutter. Arthur was tiresome, so black and stupid. He cared for nothing and no one as he did for his Saturday bottle. He paid no attention to her voice, its seductive ripples and colorful tones. Now Zach. . . . Cherry's thoughts rambled back to former days when Zach had been her man. Since then he'd had Rosa, Janie and a half dozen others, but she still cherished tender feelings for him.

This same rain was probably blurring the outlines of Science Alley. Jedus, why couldn't it blur the pictures in her heart?

Suddenly Cherry gave a self-conscious pat to her hair. There was that Boss Simms coming down the lane, his yellow slicker the only bright spot in the gloom. ("Stop, Sapphire, lemme alone.") He'd been giving her some mighty bold glances of late; she would return his stare with interest this time. Another pat to her hair. Why hadn't she put on some rouge this morning? Somebody said Boss Simms had $100 in the bank. . . .

PARKS IN THE MODERN MANNER

(*Continued from page* 304)

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MATHER, MAKER OF NATIONAL PARKS

(*Continued from page* 296)

have been invested in the various hotel, lodge, transportation, and other operations with resultant broadening of the service available to visitors. During his regime, also, the great free public campground system was established. Mr. Mather was also responsible for the installation of special lines of endeavor in park work, such as the landscape, architectural and educational divisions already described. In the latter field he secured the cooperation of scientific and educational organizations, as well as of individual authorities throughout the country. Modern museums have been planned and installed with private funds furnished for this particular purpose, and the general education program has been advanced along the most approved lines, under the supervision of the highest type of educator.

These are some of the tangible results of Mr. Mather's park activities. Among the intangible ones space will permit outlining but a single instance—namely, the universal good-will he inspired. By service he popularized the parks and monuments to millions of visitors. Everywhere they are favorably known. By the breadth of his vision and the unselfishness of his administration of the National Park Service he earned the support and esteem of the principal editors and authors of the country. From the beginning, he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of members of Congress because of his character, his delightful personality, and the economical and business-like conduct of his bureau.

In accomplishing all that he did, Mr. Mather carried on beyond his strength. Warned in 1927 that his health was impaired, he felt that because many of his most cherished projects were incomplete, he could not yet retire. Always conscientious, he was especially zealous in carrying out what he regarded as his obligations to his country. Of these, none was more sacred to him than the duty of casting his ballot. Although just recovering from an acute illness, in 1928 he went to Chicago to vote in the general election. The day before he was to give his support to his friend, Herbert Hoover, a stroke of paralysis ended his official career. For awhile he lived quietly at his home in Chicago, then at his old family residence in Darien, and finally at Brookline, Massachusetts. While apparently improving rapidly, a second stroke took him from us.

Too often, men who have devoted their lives to careers of public service are accorded tribute only after death. Happily this was not so in Mr. Mather's case. While still active, though after illness had forced him into retirement, he was signally honored. A movement was started by admirers and friends to establish a fund of at least $150,000 to carry out some conservation project which otherwise might not be consummated, or to found a chair of conservation at Mr. Mather's *alma mater,* or to carry on in other directions the great work he inaugurated in the national parks and monuments. This tribute is called the Stephen T. Mather Appreciation. Its progress interested him keenly, and filled his last days with satisfaction and happiness.

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